Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. {Terms: $2.00 per annum.

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The Bellefonte Republican

EDWARD T. TUTEN, - - Editor.

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The Labor Question.

Labor omnia vincit, "labor conquers all things," was the motto of a literary society to which we belonged in our school days. Its recollection has often been a stimulus since then, and it is a motto which should be adopted by every young man, and by every one who has still the capacity to work. It matters not whether we work with the muscles or the brain, the truth is the same in both cases. It is a very self-evident truism that we can accomplish nothing unless we do something, and doing something implies labor. We don't like class distinctions of any sort; they are unrepublican, to say the least. We have a special objection to the common practice of speaking of "the laboring class" as a distinct body. All persons, who are of any use in the world, are laborers in one way or another. The phrase is ordinarily used to designate those who get their living by muscular labor, who earn their bread "by the sweat of their brow," to use a Biblical expression. When Adam was thus doomed, the curse is presumed to have been intended for all of his descendants alike, and so it undoubtedly was. Some of them seem to avoid their destiny, and fail to do their share of work, but we are sure they gain nothing by thus attempting to shirk their evident duty.

A certain amount of physical exercise is necessary for health in all cases—excepting certain diseased ones—and it is most naturally and satisfactorily obtained by useful labor, for an object. If every one would do the amount of physical work his health and earthly happiness require, and if that labor were wisely directed, the inhabited world could in a short time be made to blossom as the rose, and all classes, consolidated into one great and efficient laboring class, would be much happier than they are now. No portion of our fellow beings would need to be overworked, to the neglect of their mental and spiritual development, while, on the other hand, there would be no such unfortunates as we see at present who think that to work with their hands is a disgrace, and who are permitted to degenerate because they do not labor, until they become physical and moral imbeciles. A fair and just division of labor would be necessary, but all should take their share, even of physical toil.

No class of men ought to be merely physical laborers; all should be educated and should have time and inclination to improve and exercise their mental faculties. There is and always will be, no doubt, great differences in mental as well as in physical characteristics. It will be expedient that some shall devote themselves especially to brain work, and to those professions which require considerable culture. On the other hand, it is needful that certain persons shall make it their particular business to do the duties that chiefly require muscular effort. Yet, we repeat, all should labor physically, and all should cultivate and use their brains. Brain work and muscle work should go together with those who are chiefly engaged in the latter, and by studying their work they can make it much more effective; a comparatively small amount of muscular effort can be made to accomplish many times more than it does at present.

This, we say, is what ought to be: all persons who have sufficient health should be compelled to do some useful manual labor, while no one and no class of men should be obliged to employ all their time getting a living by the work of their hands, as mere machines, but should have time for mental culture and enjoyment, and should inform, direct and make more effective by brain work their bodily exertions. The world is not as it should be, nor is it likely to become so very soon, and we must deal with circumstances as we find them.

We discover, among other things, a laboring class, so called, who regard their condition as anomalous, and many of whom believe themselves less favored than others who are not obliged to work in the same way. In this we think they are mistaken; that honest, physical labor, to a reasonable extent, actually promotes happiness. Persons will say that they could take all the exercise they need without being compelled to do so, and that they should certainly be happier if they could be independent and do as they pleased in this respect. We believe they are in error; that as human nature is constituted, men are too prone to be self-indulgent and indolent to pamper themselves to their injury, if permitted to do so, and that compulsory labor is the best thing for them.

Yet this compulsory exertion should have its limits, and we do not doubt that the average hours of labor, for those specially designated workingmen, are too many. The effort to make eight hours a legal day's work was a well-intended move, but like all such efforts to regulate human society by law, it has not been successful. Labor, as we have intimated, should be more general—all able-bodied persons should work, more or less, according to circumstances. Then, on the other hand, the so-called laboring class should be better educated, so that they can more profitably employ their hours of leisure and make their work more efficient. If this were the state of things, no one would, in general, be compelled to work more than eight hours a day, and that period, we contend, is quite long enough, under such circumstances. More would be accomplished in the end by intelligent labor in eight hours out of the twenty-four than is now done in twelve.

If this state of things could be brought about, there would be no more conflicts between labor and capital, and a certain class of demagogues would find their occupation gone. Instead of being antagonistic, laborers and capitalists would find that their interests were identical—both striving for the success of the business in which they were engaged for their mutual benefit. Capitalists would recognize the fact that the means put in their hands are not for their own exclusive and selfish advantage, but for the common good of all engaged with them and of the country generally; that their position, indeed, is one of trust and responsibility; that they are stewards of the wealth they hold, which, in reality, belongs to the whole community, and which they are permitted to direct so long as they do it properly and for the common welfare. They would regard their employes as co-workers to an end in which all were interested. The latter being intelligent and worthy, would be respected accordingly, and treated in all respects as equals. Laborers would regard their employers not as oppressors or selfish robbers, but as persons who were placed by fortune or Providence in positions of responsibility, and given the direction of affairs because they are worthy of it, and would feel it their interest as well as a duty and a pleasure to assist in promoting their prosperity, which would redound to their own good.

This is a condition of affairs not at all difficult of realization. It can be accomplished in any community or business establishment, and we believe is realized in some instances. We propose no communistic scheme, no material change of laws or overturning of the existing order of things; simply intelligent, conscientious resolve and effort. The subject is too lengthy to be discussed in a newspaper article, and we have been able in this instance to indicate only a few of the salient points, being warned that we have reached our designed limit, and leaving untouched most of the practical portion of the topic.

The Store Order System.

In the last issue of the *Watchman* are published the remarks of Representative Earley, in the Legislature, upon the bill relating to store orders, regarding which we have had so much controversy with our contemporary. This speech sustains every position we took, and goes much farther than we did in opposition to the bill. From its publication of these remarks without comment, we presume the *Watchman* is convinced that our position was a correct one, and we sincerely commend the editor's frankness. We would like to republish this speech, but space forbids.

Mr. Earley denounces the bill as plainly unconstitutional, and says, "I am astonished to see lawyers—gentlemen whom I know to be well informed in the law—advocating the passage of a bill which strikes at the very foundation of the rights of contract." And again:

"But now we are asked to pass a law prohibiting freemen who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows from going to their neighbors and making a contract for their labor. We are now asked to pass a bill to prohibit a man who depends for a livlihood upon his daily labor from taking, if he sees fit to do so, a bushel of potatoes or any other commodity for his service. Sir, it is striking a death blow to labor. It is establishing a system which the laboring men do not ask for. They say, 'For God's sake allow us to make our own contracts.'"

Mr. Earley admits that there are abuses in the store order system which ought to be remedied, and declares, "I would make it a misdemeanor for any merchant to take one farthing more for goods on an order than he would for cash. I would vote for any law calculated to put a stop to that abuse, but I will not vote for a bill that robs a laborer of his privileges as an American citizen—which takes from a man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow the power of making such contracts as he sees fit."

We can readily believe him when he says, "This bill is not desired in any portion of the State, unless it may be in some of the anthracite regions." And farther, "The introduction of this bill is an insult to the intelligence of those who swing the ax and handle the pick."

Mr. Early is sound, and if this bill should become a law it will show that there is very little sense in our present Legislature, or that it is controlled by demagogism. The proposition to make it a penal offence for a merchant to charge a laborer more for goods on an order than he would for cash seems to us an excellent one—a plan which would accomplish precisely what is needed, and which the introduction of the bill in question was ostensibly designed to effect, but which it will not do. Such a measure we could heartily endorse, and we hope it will be introduced and passed.

One of the principal evils of the store order system—and one which the law cannot remedy—is the disposition of persons who have credit to trade carelessly and extravagantly—to buy things they do not need. Laboring men and their families who are allowed credit at the stores of their employers, on account of such labor, are prone to think too little of the aggregate of their purchases until settlement day comes, when they find, perhaps, that there is little or nothing coming to them of their hard earnings. The merchant or salesman, too, is eager to dispose of his goods, and urges and induces such customers to buy articles and quantities which their means do not warrant. So long as one class of men are avaricious and grasping, and another too careless and extravagant, this state of things will continue. It is a sad fact, and the source of much hardship and distress, but, we repeat, the law cannot remedy it. It is like a bad disposition or evil habits: the sufferer must himself apply the remedy by reforming his practice; the cure is in his own hands. If he is dealt with dishonestly, if he is compelled to take orders and then to receive goods for his laber at a higher price than would be charged for cash, then a shameful fraud is practiced, and the law could and should protect the workingman.

The Judgeship.

THE JUDGESHIP.—The bar of Centre county have unanimously requested Hon. Chas. A. Mayer to be a candidate for re-election in this judicial district, but we see the Bellefonte REPUBLICAN, in a lengthy article, urges the name of A. O. Furst, Esq., of that borough, as the Republican candidate. We cannot understand how Mr. Furst can accept the nomination if it be true he has urged Judge Mayer's re-election. We shall certainly have a candidate, and we favor a full ticket for every office in this judicial, congressional, and senatorial district, therefore we would suggest that persons seeking or desiring position be not too hasty in recommending others of unlike political faith. —*Clinton Republican.*

The sentiment expressed by the *Republican* that "we favor a full ticket for every office in the judicial, congressional and senatorial district" is the sentiment of nine-tenths of the Republicans of this county, as we doubt not it is of the whole district. No more capable man for the position can be found than A. O. Furst, Esq., and we see no reason why Centre county should not cast its vote for him. A paper was circulated at a late term of our court which was presented to the members of the bar without respect of party, with the request that they would sign it, as there was no hope of a Republican candidate succeeding. No time was given for consultation or thought upon the matter, and we have been informed that it was not to be binding unless it was agreed to by the members of the bar in other counties of the district. We believe the signing of such a paper was a mistake, but as it is not likely to meet the approval of every lawyer in the district, it loses its binding force here.

The manner in which this letter was circulated for signature leads us to the conclusion that it was a scheme of the friends of the President Judge, and was presented at a time and under such circumstances as would best serve the end to be accomplished. It was not a free, spontaneous expression of the members of the bar, and had the prompters acted from pure, conscientious motives they would at least have given the Republican members time to consult with each other as to the propriety of such an important step, instead of taking them at a disadvantage while court was in session and time forbade the necessary interchange of opinions. But whatever the lawyers of this bar may do or recommend, or the lawyers of the entire district may do in this matter, one thing is certain,—the lawyers are not the only people interested, nor do they alone elect a president judge.

It is a mystery to us why Republicans should be expected to support a Democrat for office when we have as good men, and, as we many of us think, better for every position within the gift of our people, than our opponents can produce. It no doubt would suit the *Watchman* and the Democratic party very well to have prominent Republicans stand back and see any part of their ticket elected without opposition; but such a course is always fatal to the interests of our party, and is only desired in this case to create the impression all over the State that the present incumbent is very popular with the people, irrespective of party, and to make him a formidable opponent for some higher position at some future time. Is it, then, to the interest of the Republican party to cut a rod to punish itself with? We have no ill-will toward Judge Mayer. What we do say, we say as Republicans, and in the interest, as we understand it, of the Republican party. If future developments show that the majority differ from us, we shall submit without a murmur and shall try, to the best of our humble ability, to act in accord therewith.

We are informed that four of the Clinton county bar refused to sign the paper mentioned above, one of whom was Charles McCormick, who proposes to become a candidate of the Democratic party against the present incumbent at his own home. If he is not to have the united support of his own party, is not this a reason why the Republican friends of the Judge should reconsider their determination to support him? If he cannot have the united support of those who, from party considerations, should be, his friends, why should Republicans sacrifice the interest of their party to give him support, or flatter him with their encouragement, to gratify a few individuals who only have personal motives to serve at our party's expense? We would ask these friends of the Judge what assurance have we, in case we do as you desire, that he will ever speak a kind word for Republican men or measures; that he would not take particular pains to construe such a support to the benefit of the Democratic cause; that if he is elected here without opposition he would not use it as a powerful weapon against us to secure his promotion to the supreme bench. Surely no true Republican can desire our party to assume a position that shall defeat us at some future and more important election. It is no use to say the judiciary should be removed from politics. All know that the political complexion of the supreme court is often a matter of the utmost importance. There are often questions arise where the political bias of the court decides the matter. This is so plain a truism that we do not think there is any need of argument, and we leave this matter for the present with the conviction that the people will demand a full and complete ticket, judiciary and all.

NEW YORK.

Uncle Sam's Paper—Large Sales of Bonds in New York—Protection for the Thrifty Poor—New Treatment for the Insane—The Charms of Music—Mr. Beecher's Chaplaincy—Kate Claxton's Marriage—Lo! the Poor Indian.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, March 16, 1878.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—From across the water come reports that holders of our bonds in England and Germany are selling them as rapidly as possible. Perhaps they have been frightened into this by the silver bill; but if so, they are much more easily scared than their American cousins, who seem ready to absorb all of this kind of security that any one chooses to throw on the market.

The demand for United States bonds has been unusually great for the last few days, the total sales by a single bank in this city for one week aggregating $3,500,000, mostly for investment. Three clerks have been kept busy at the First National Bank filling the orders from outside this city, principally from the West. It is stated that fully one-fourth of this has been for 4 per cent. bonds, of denominations of $50 and $100, to be distributed among farmers and others having small earnings to invest.

Large orders were received on Tuesday for several of the issues, including $450,000 new 5's, $200,000 '67's and nearly $500,000 4's. The daily sales of bonds by one bank now average $1,000,000. It is said that two New York capitalists, who had been loaning money on stocks at 4 per cent. have withdrawn their capital, and yesterday they invested jointly nearly $500,000 in Government bonds.

This is a sensible and gratifying action on the part of our moneyed men, and I hope it will be imitated by the less affluent classes when the new "long bond" bill, which passed the Senate this week, becomes a law. This bill, as your readers have perhaps observed, provides for the issue of a large amount of fifty-year bonds of the denominations of $25, $50, and $100, bearing four per cent. interest. All these bonds will be registered, and offer an investment as nearly safe as anything on earth can be; and now when the beneficent postal savings system is also introduced, by which every post-office becomes a savings bank of which Uncle Sam is president and guarantor, our poorer people may snap their fingers at the whole rascally brood of savings bank and trust company thieves and live in the happy assurance that their deposited earnings are their own, and will be forthcoming when wanted, instead of being used to pay some defaulter's expenses to Europe.

Interesting experiments are now in progress at the Insane Asylum on Blackwell's Island, the object of which is to try the effect upon unsound minds of music in its various forms. The fifth of a series of entertainments arranged for the purpose was given this week, J. N. Pattison being the pianist for the occasion. On some of the patients brought under the music treatment on this occasion the effect was remarkable, violent conditions being uniformly modified in a favorable manner. In one case, an insane woman gave rational answers to questions asked while she was under the influence of the piano-playing, although for months previous she had not rendered an intelligent response to any inquiry. Many favorable comments on the entertainment were made by the visiting physicians, who expressed the belief that the music, if continued regularly, would produce good and lasting results. Dr. Strew and Commissioner Brennan intend to make some arrangement by which similar entertainments will be given as frequently as possible during the year.

It seems, therefore, that after all, "similia similibus curantur," and that the popular musical instrument which proved so beneficial in the instance related, is a powerful agent for either good or evil, according to the method of handling. In the hands of a master the piano "hath charms to soothe the savage breast" of even the most hardened lunatic; while, on the other hand, close confinement for a comparatively short time within earshot of the same noble mechanism when tortured by the average school girl limping through scales or hammering the "Maiden's Prayer," will infallibly unseat the loftiest intellect, and, did not the liberty which is the birthright of every American citizen enable him under ordinary circumstances to flee from the frightful infliction, would speedily cause all the mad-houses of the country to overflow.

Although Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has passed the age when men are usually supposed fired with ardor to become bold soger boys, he has this week displayed his military penchant by taking the chaplaincy of the 13th N. Y. militia of Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher's taking the oath of office was the occasion of a great crowd at the regiment's armory, and of a sort of ovation to the always popular preacher, whose address to his new charge was applauded to the echo. We are told that Mr. Beecher's uniform, which has already been ordered, will be a black coat, gray pantaloons with black cord down the seams, black chapeau, black silk sash, black waistband bordered with gold, and black sword-scabbard with gold trimming; and that the togs of war become him immensely.

One of the odd characters who haunt large cities has just died here in the person of David Leach, an old rag-picker, nearly eighty years of age, who had lived a miserable, lonely life, and dying unattended in a filthy hovel, was carted off to the morgue like any other pauper. He proves to have been worth some $50,000, and, as is the fashion in all cases where property is left, either with or without a will, half a dozen claimants to the unexpected windfall have sprung up and are fighting over it like Vanderbilts.

Owing to the number and extent of the conflagrations of the year, 1877 proved unusually disastrous to the local fire companies of New York and Brooklyn. The *Tribune* publishes a statement showing that while eight companies out of eighty-two made slight additions to their surplus during that period, the other seventy-four suffered a decrease aggregating over $1,700,000.

The most prominent among the fortunate eight is the Continental, whose increase of surplus was larger by nearly one-third than that of all the others combined. Good management and good luck have attended this company from its birth, and have combined to bring its net surplus close to a million of dollars. This excellent corporation celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on Saturday evening week, at Delmonico's. More than one hundred gentlemen, embracing the officers, directors, stockholders, and others, met at six o'clock, and after spending an hour in pleasant intercourse, sat down to a sumptuous dinner, provided specially for the occasion. Mr. George T. Hope, the president, presided at the feast.

We have had some more noble Red men among us this week. A band of Iroquois, with utterly unpronounceable names, arrived in great style, and, after having been formally "received" by our exuberant mayor, have been playing the Indian game of Lacrosse at Gilmore's garden against various white clubs, some of which actually had the effrontery to beat the haughty Lo at his own game.

Miss Kate Claxton, the well known and favorite actress, was married a few days since at the "little church around the corner," to which the dramatic profession naturally betake themselves when in need of religious ministrations of any kind. The bridegroom on this occasion was Mr. C. A. Stevenson, a young Irish actor of great merit, to whom she has long been attached. Some or your readers may not be aware that this handsome and juvenile looking little woman has a daughter ten years old by her former husband, Mr. Lyon, from whom she was divorced some months ago, largely on account, so rumor states, of her preference for the young man to whom she is now married. This former husband, who bears no very enviable character, was unsuccessful as a real estate operator, and so involved Miss Claxton in his financial difficulties that she is now going through bankruptcy to get clear of these entanglements.

In the performance of "The Exiles," now running at the Broadway theatre, a realistic effect is produced by the introduction upon the stage of Russian sledges drawn by reindeer and dogs.

The March number of *Scribner's Monthly* is such a magnificent one that the regular edition is already exhausted and a second has had to be printed. If ever success was merited, that of *Scribner's* is the one. RADIX.

The Bellefonte Republican

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Poetry.

"WAITING."

Learn to wait, life's hardest lesson,
Conned, perchance through blinding tears,
While the heart throbs sadly echo,
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition;
Faint not, though the way seem long;
There is joy in each condition,
Hearts though suffering may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, however welcome,
Never could ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness,
For the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state;
Joys seek but a brighter morrow,
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness,
Spring not from life's sunny side;
Heroes must be more than driftwood
Floating on a waveless tide.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

"God is in heaven—can He hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear,
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven—can He see
What I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can—He looks at thee,
All day, and all night long.

God is in heaven—would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven—can I go
To thank Him for His care?
Not yet,—but love Him here below,
And thou shalt praise Him there."

Our Story Teller.

The Man in The Cage.

"What is that you say, Glosher? In a cage? A human being in an iron cage?"

"Just so. Thar's the house, and thar's the window of the room he's in. I saw him led in, chained like a mad steer, three men with their guns pointed behind. That's a year ago this September. It's a low cage, with bars as thick as my wrist. He's chained to the floor inside it."

The house was a small brick building, the shingled roof curled and black with age; it stood in a field overgrown with thistles and Jamestown weeds. A rotting pailing fence separated it from the crooked, grassy highway which served as a street for the village, a drowsy hamlet in North Carolina, literally above the clouds, as one of the mountains of the great Balsam range.

Glosher lounged on, whistling to the inn, with the string of trout which they had caught, and Mr. Britton, his rod in hand, leaned over the fence looking at the window inside of which was the cage.

He was a sensitive little man, and this thing had startled and moved him greatly. He had been sauntering along just now, a little vain of his day's fishing. The afternoon sunshine was warm and brilliant; every color kindled in it, and the thin air to new vigor; these weeds shown like bits of pure lavendor; and the blackberries glowed upon the tumble-down fences in knobs of rubies snd garnet. Every body in the little hamlet had a friendly greeting for him. At the door of an unpainted house an old woman sat carding wool, her yellow haired grandchild asleep at her feet; on the porch of another a pretty girl was spinning. Glosher, who was a manly young fellow, had looked sheepish as they passed, and the girl blushed and broke her thread. Mr. Britton smiled to himself. He was but three months married, and every lover was his brother. The village hung on the edge of the height; below it the sea of cirrus clouds was full of light and motion, while a range of mighty peaks beyond shut the hamlet in, so it seemed to his fancy, into a strange and sunny calm.

A moment before he had thus been filled with a soft femenine content in himself and his world and his God, thankful for the happy chance which had led him to this peaceful eyre to spend his hardly earned holiday.

Now he could think only of this window. It was a gaping cave of darkness in the sunshine, and the man within for a year had seen nothing of the grassy streets, of young girls, or little children, or driving clouds. He was a beast, chained like a beast in a cage.

As Mr. Britton waited uncertain, he heard coming out of the darkness a sigh and the clank of a chain.

"Good God! That these things should be in such a world!—in such a world!"

He hurried on, very sorry for this human beast, but more stung and aggrieved that the ennobling emotions and harmony of his holiday had been impaired. His coat sleeve, too, was stained with some of the dark lichen on the fence about this accursed place. He wiped it off with a quick sense of loathing and taint. The Rev. Edward Britton was noted for the dainty fastidiousness of his dress and of his morals.

When he reached the little inn he found the landlord waiting at the gate under the walnut trees. Guests were a novelty, and were made much of by these mountaineers.

"We are a-wain' supper for you, sir. Oh, no difference; it's you that's to be consulted"—walking beside him down through the old-fashioned garden, with its border of holly-hocks and blue succory. "You hed good luck, Glosher says, sir."

"What has that man done that you cage him like a brute?" interrupted the young clergyman, in a harsh, excited tone.

"Done? Ef you'll come into this room I'll tell you the story," dropping his voice. "It's a strange one enough."

"No," pushing past him. "Why should I hear it?"

Mr. Britton changed his coat before going into his wife's room. It was a cozy apartment, with windows looking out over the stretch of solitude and heights of the Nanthela range. A wood fire burned on the hearth. Mrs. Britton who had been a shy girl but two or three months ago, sat before it, trimming a hat. She was a plump, pink-cheeked dot of a woman, with quick-glancing, dark eyes, and a habit of frequent decisive little nods and gestures. Her lap was full of brightly colored ribbons; her hand, with its tiny gold thimble, fluttered about her work like a white glancing bird.

"And what have you discovered in this queer corner of the world to-day, Phœbe?" he asked, with a qualm of apprehension.

"An old slave in a hut out of town, who told me she 'refugeed' from Virginia during the war, leaving two sons behind her in Albermarle. I wrote an advertisement and letters about them. I think they will bring the boys to light."

"What more did you do, my dear?"

"I made a sketch of an Indian who came in with his bow-gun and some skins, and of a mountaineer who was going up to the high range to salt the wild cattle. See, here he is: blue homespun, high boots, bags of salt on his hips, gun for wolves, and whiskey for rattlesnakes."

"It is very spirited, Phœbe. A little faulty as to the knees, eh?" with kindling interest in his face. There were one or two good prints on the wall, which they had brought in their trunks. Phœbe and he were amateurs in art, and had found a good deal of keen enjoyment already in their work and disputes. Phœbe took out her pencils and retouched the sketch. Then she went back to her sewing, and her husband stirred the fire, and began to talk of home and parish work. Outside, the cloud of fog had risen, and began to shut them in. The logs crackled and sparkled, turning Phœbe's blue ribbon into green. Presently Joe, the lamp waiter, came up, carrying a tray with their supper. As he spread it on a round table at the side of the fire, Mr. Britton scanned eagerly the smoking coffee, the brown biscuit, the delicate salmon-colored trout. He always did relish a good meal, and the day's fishing had made him hungry. Joe was dismissed, and Phœbe drew closer to the table. How rosy and fair she was! How warm was the fire! When he proceeded to dress a trout for her he had quite forgotten the man in the cage, and all the rest of the world outside of the wall of screening mist.

It seemed to him as if his life was rounded and perfect just then. He and his wife ate their trout, and talked pleasant parish gossip. He was twenty-three. He had graduated the year before, with the reputation of possessing a nice talent for English verse and vein of tender sentimentalism, which would not impair his usefulness as a popular preacher. His only doubt as to his own qualifications for the heavenly calling was as to his lack of stature in the pulpit. But when he really went into the pulpit, a stool on which he could stand remedied that difficulty. When he was mounted on the stool his face appeared above the snowy surplice, blue-eyed, calm, fastidious, framed in fair hair and sjde whiskers, and as innocent of all knowledge of human nature as the insipid Madonna in the window overhead.

As soon as he was called to the parish of All-Saints he married. All-Saints was a snug nest for these two tame birds. It was made up of half a dozen families in a town which had sprung up about a railway station in Ohio. The church was new, from the red cushions to the tiny organ and painted window. Choir, vestrymen, congregation, all were new and full of zeal. There was the grey and senior warden, who kept an exceedingly sharp eye on the Reverend Edward; there were the bustling matrons in black silk, with a sewing circle; there were the inevitable cordon of admiring young girls. Mr. Britton was wont to declare that his "flock were with him in spirit; that they held up his hands in his battle with error." He had, in fact, carried his own belief into practice with regard to changes in albs, chasubles, and altar cloth, and the whole congregation supported him heartily, as they did in his dispute with the Low-Church pastor of S. Thomas, concerning the number of genuflections requisite in the creed.

It will thus be seen that the Rev. Mr. Britton had reason when he felt his life to be rounded and complete. He could have wished, perhaps, that Phœbe had not been too much occupied with the housekeeping duties to take such interest in the alb or chasuble troubles. She was always ready, however, to stand sponsor for the children of the congregation, or to nurse them when they were sick, and was as anxious about the brides, and cried over the dead, as if the people were all her own kinsfolk.

He was talking now of some of these babies whom he had baptized and young girls whom he had married.

"I thank God often for the happy lot that has fallen to me, my dear," he said, his voice unsteady. "To be the shepherd of this little flock from the cradle to the grave! I little thought when I was a boy such good fortune would be mine."

"When you were a boy, and your stepfather used to thrash you so horribly?" said Phœbe, in her brusque way. "Matthew Pansent?—Pansent? It seems as if I had heard that name within a day or two. Didn't you tell me he went to South Carolina after your mother's death?"

"Yes. It is not necessary to speak farther of him." Mr. Britton's voice was singularly altered. He rose hastily, and began to pace up and down the room. When she looked up she saw that his mild face had undergone a ghastly change. He stopped in front of her. "Phœbe, I desire that you will never mention that man's name to me again"—in a harsh, stringent tone.

"No, Edward."

Mr. Britton walked for an hour up and down the dim fire-lighted room. He did not speak again. He was a gentle, submissive Christian. Every body knew that. He knew that himself. But at the bare mention of Pansent's name his head began to throb, and the blood burned in his veins with the fire of hell. His sole thought was of what punishment he would mete out to the wretch if he had the power. None seemed to him sufficient. Hate him? Why should he not hate him? Had he not tortured his youth, made his mother's old age one long breath of misery? To hate him was to hate sin—fraud. He caught one of Phœbe's occasional keen glances, and tried to smile back to her.

"I will go out in the fresh air a while, my dear. I am not well." His countenance was pinched and colorless; there was a different man looking out from it than the sentimental little clergyman whom she had married.

As he went down stairs into the impenetrable fog he staggered. It was hardly that he, a clergyman, a Godly man, should be thus torn with wrath, however righteous. How could he follow out the holy, calm life he purposed, while this man lived? If he were dead, if he could see him lying on the ground here—

He stopped, staring before him with a long breath of relief. It seemed for a moment as if the world was actually rid of this incubus; then recollecting himself with a shudder, he went on.

When Mr. Britton returned, an hour later, the only trace of the moral convulsion through which he had passed was that he was cross and peevish. These weak, sweetly-toned natures are not infrequently found with an obstinate, inhuman chord running through them, and when it is struck all their ordinary harmonies are jarred out of tune. This may account for the fact that Mr. Britton presently told his wife of the man in the cage, although an hour or two before he had been anxious to keep her in ignorance of the terrible thing.

"It is the barbarous custom of this State," he continued irritably. "They treat a great criminal as a brute—chain him by leg and arm to the floor, inside of just such a cage as is used for wild beasts."

Phœbe turned very pale as she listened; but said calmly: "Does the poor man have enough to eat?"

"How should I know, my dear? I suppose that depends upon the humanity of his keeper."

"Are his friends allowed to see him?"

"I believe that he has none. Glosher tells me that nobody has visited him except the jailer."

Her eyes filled with tears. "Caged and chained for a year in a Christian country, and not a soul to speak kindly to him, or tell him of Jesus who died for him!"

Mr. Britton moved uneasily. "That is owing to the fact that there is no regular chaplain; there could not be of course. This is a mere country jail, with the one inmate—not a penitentiary."

"You are going to him to-morrow, Edward?"

"I?"

Mrs. Britton did not look up. She was trimming the lamp, and her fingers moved nervously. There was a moment of silence. Mr. Britton's pale blue eyes stared vacantly; he pulled unconsciously at his neat whiskers, ran his forefinger about the pretty white band around his neck. This was no question of albs, or altar cloths, of baptizing babies or preparing timid young girls for confirmation. It was as if a door had suddenly opened into the horrors of the shadow of death, and a voice commanded him to walk through it.

"Yes, I will go," he said humbly, after a while. But he was taciturn for the rest of the evening, and bore himself toward his wife with an aggrieved air.

The next morning Mr. Britton rose with an exalted sense of heroism upon him. Phœbe was right. Undoubtedly this was a part of his high duty. But he really, after all, did not think much that morning of the message he was to carry—that was all such a familiar subject to him. He was a little disappointed tha Lodon, the jailer, received his proposal to visit the prisoner without surprise or admiration.

"I thought it was time some of you preachers was seein' to him," he said dryly. "Can't take you in till evenin' though. I'm powerful pushed gettin' in my hay just now."

He was surprised, too, to find Phœbe ready to go with him, as she always did when he visited the sick.

"I have put up a few peaches and pies, and some salve. They tell me the chains have worn into the flesh."

"Salve and peaches! Why, this is a murderer who murdered an old feeble man. He is under sentence of death."

"He is a man, after all, I suppose," said Mrs. Phœbe, calmly adding a jar of honey to her bundle.

When Lodon that evening led them through the yard overgrown with lilac Jamestown weed, Mr. Britton felt his heart sicken within him. The great iron door of the jail creaked on its hinges. They entered a low brick passage. Lodon locked the door behind him, and drew the bars from a heavy iron trap which closed the stairs. In another moment they would be shut in with this human beast.

"I have not thought of what I should say to him, and his one chance of salvation is in me," thought the clergyman, his foot upon the stair. "One moment, Lodon. I—I feel ill. This air—"

Phœbe touched him on the hand. She was very pale, but she smiled cheerfully.

"Its only a man just like yourself whom you are going to meet, Edward," she whispered.

A man like himself! Really, Phœbe had the strangest way of expressing herself! He passed on, sustained by a fresh sense of dignity and virtue.

Lodon, hurrying through the dark upper passage, stopped at another iron door, rusted with age.

"Now"—turning the key in the lock.

The cage was a net work of iron bars, about fifteen feet square, in the centre of a large room, into which the setting sun shown warmly and softly. The air was pure, the cage was scrupulously clean. The murderer was in the centre of it. Phœbe shut her eyes before she could go near him.

"If it was only my brother now?" she thought.

When she opened them she saw an honest-eyed countryman clad in decent homespun, rising to meet her with a sudden pleased smile.

"I did know that a lady was coming," he said. The voice was unembarrassed and sincere.

Mr. Britton hastily went up to the cage. "Who is that?" he cried. "Mereiful God! John Matlack! Is that you?"

The two men stared at each other, the iron grating between them. The clergyman held to the bars with both hands; the shock of shame for his old friend was so great that he stammered and choked and then stood dumb. But John Matlack eagerly thrust out his chained hand.

"Edward! God bless you! I—I have not seen a face that I knew for a year, and now you—you!"

He was weak and emaciated with long confinement. The tears ran down his cheeks; he had to raise both bloodless hands to wipe them off. It was a pitiful sight. But Mr. Britton did not give him his hand. It was John Matlack; but it was no less a murderer; Phœbe thrust hers through the bars. The pity, the tender mercy of all the good, motherly women in the world seemed to look on him through her eyes.

"Why I have heard so much of you, John. You were on the farm with Edward. He has told me of all the ploughing and 'coon hunting and—Oh, Edward, speak to him!"

"Why are you here, John?" Mr. Britton took out his cambric handkerchief and wiped his neatly shaven face nervously. Matlack stood upright and looked him steadily in the eyes. The chain from his leg to the floor creaked like some live thing as he moved.

"Why am I here? Because I have been found guilty of the murder of an old man, and sentenced to be hung for it. That's why. I have but little longer to live."

"But you did not do it!—you did not do it!" cried Phœbe breathlessly. "You can not think him guilty, Edward. Look at his face."

Her husband answered the demand in the prisoner's eyes rather than her words.

"God knows with what pain I see you here," he says evasively. "You are the last man whom I should have thought capable of such a crime."

"If I had found *you* here, Ned, I should have known you incapable of it, and have asked no further," said the prisoner, with quiet dignity.

He turned away. The chain to Phœbe's excited eyes crept hideously across the floor, held him; dragged him back. Mr. Britton feebly pulled at his side whiskers. John Matlack, his old play-fellow—murderer? It was incredible. And yet he had been tried and sentenced by law, and to Mr. Britton the law was an infallible twin power with the church.

"Thar's somethin' to be said on Mr. Matlack's side," Lodon began, slowly tapping the cage with his keys to emphasize certain points. "Evidence was circumstantial, wholly. Old gentleman that was killed hed started a mica mine in the Nantahila mountings. Mr. Matlack hyar was boss. Thar was hard words between them more than once; that was proved on the trial. The old man was powerful aggravatin'. The day afore the murder he comes from Ashville a-lookin' into things and a-swaring tremenjus, callin' Matlack a swindler and what not. Matlack he answers back, with an oath, as how he'd be even with him, and turned and walked off; and them as stood by said they knew he meant it. That night the old man staid up in the cuttin' house, lookin' over accounts. Them mine houses is nothin' but plank sheds you know. The next mornin' he was found lyin' on the pile of mica chips stone-dead, with a bullet through his heart."

"That was no proof," cried Phœbe.

"No; but you havn't heerd me out, Mistress Britton," said Lodon, warming in the recital. "A bit of the waddin' was found with the bullet, and it was a scrap of an envelope directed to John Mat'—the rest bein' torn off. Mr. Matlack's wife was ready to swar that he was at home all night takin' care of their sick boy. Thar was plenty more'n hev sworn they didn't believe John Matlack could do such a thing nohow. But that kind of testimony isn't law."

Matlack had remained with his back turned to them, unmoved while Lodon had told his story. The truth was that Mr. Britton's belief in his guilt had stunned him. He had grown used to looking the coming death in the face. After a year of solitude this friend of his youth had suddenly appeared—and condemned him. It was a fresh cut of pain, and a deep one. When his wife was named, however, he turned quickly and glanced at Phœbe.

"Yes. Where is she? What can I do for her, or for you?" demanded that little woman, her cheeks on fire.

"Nothing. She is ill—dying, they tell me. I could save her if I were near her. She knows whether I am innocent or not, thank God!"

"I know it. You don't suppose that I believe that evidence? Not a syllable of it."

Mr. Britton was miserable enough while all this was going on. He would have silenced his wife if he could; but how could he? John had been like a brother to him when they were both hard-worked farm boys. The law could not be wrong. It was his duty as a man of God to exhort this criminal to repentance; but when he looked into the candid, noble face, the words died on his lips.

"Who was this murdered man?" he stammered, not knowing what to say.

"Surely you have heard," said Matlack—"Matthew Pansent."

"Pansent?—dead!" Mr. Britton began slowly to pace up and down the cell, as was his habit when he was studying his sermons, his white fingers working with his collar. Phœbe looked after him in terror; she alone saw how greatly he was shaken. He understood it now. John Matlack was innocent. It was he who was the murderer. God had given him his wish.

He went up to the cage; but his jaws refused to move when he would have spoken to Matlack.

"I had forgotten that he was your stepfather, Ned," John said. "But I had nothing to do with his death. He tried me hard, but I never would have harmed the old man."

"*I would.* There never was a time when I should not have been glad to see him dead. It is I who ought to be chained there, not you." Mr. Britton said this in a low, rapid whisper, and then went straight to the door. He moved and looked like a man demented.

For a week after this night Mr. Britton shut himself up in his chamber. In his agony of remorse and humiliation he acted very like a child, and Phœbe was as a mother to him. He protested that he would leave the ministry—even the church. Blood-guiltiness was on his soul, if not his hands. He never had understood the religion he taught; he never had known the Saviour whom he showed to others.

Phœbe had left him only to visit the innocent man in the cage. She read to him, wrote letters to his wife for him and about him.

One day she came home trembling and little disposed to talk.

"The Governor has set the day for—for—"

"The execution?"

"Yes. Next Friday. He has but four days to live."

"He will die an innocent."

"Why need he die at all?"

"There is no chance. The Governor has been besieged for his pardon. It is necessary to have an example. There has been too great laxity, it appears, in this part of the State." He had been trying to read a circular letter from the bishop, but he threw it down and wandered on. "Why, look at me, Phœbe! I ought to be in his place, and here I am, with my priestly coat and white surplice, regarded as a godly man. John Matlack in chains, and next Friday a rope about his neck! Think what justice there is in that! Think—"

But Mrs. Britton went hastily into her own room.

"What is to be done?" she said to herself. When she came back her countenance was rigid as that of a middle-aged woman. She spoke no more of the prisoner.

She went down the next day, as usual, to the jail. She stopped in her reading once or twice, looking at Matlack with a shudder.

"What is it that you see, ma'am?" asked Lodon, with surprise, for she was not a nervous woman.

"Oh, the chain. It seems alive to me. It creeps after him, holds him until they are ready to murder him."

"You ought not to come here, Mrs. Britton," said Matlack. "It is too great a strain on any woman."

She looked at him. Considerate of her, with death just at hand!—with a wife and child in the world whom he should never see again! But Matlack bore himself with the same gravity and simplicity in the face of his terrible fate as he had done when he was a boy. Nothing but his deathly pallor told of any suffering.

"Do not come to-morrow," he said, when she rose to go. "There will be another day. I should like to give you a message then for—"

"For your wife and little Charlie. I know, John."

"There's nobody else I'd ask to see them, though some of my old friends have been down this week. They're very kind. But you—"

"Yes, yes. Good-by, now," shaking his hand and turning away. "Oh! this copy of hymns—I have been reading to you. I will leave it." She handed it to Lodon for inspection—a few small sheets of manuscript bound in a thick parchment cover. The jailor noticed how cold her hand was as he touched it. He passed the roll through the bars of the cage.

"You will find comfort in some of them," she said, looking Matlack steadily in the eye—especially in the first."

As she turned away, the cell grew suddenly dark before her, and the hideous clank of the chain jeered and mocked at her.

The street was drowsier than usual that evening. It was the day for the weekly mail to come in, but the carrier had arrived, and his mule and cart were put away, and all the excitement was over. Most of the houses were already closed for the night. The doctor and squire were seated in front of the store, finishing a game of draughts by the fading twilight, and a negro near by was "picking" a banjo, while another shuffled a doleful jig and sang, "Fahwell forever—oh, forever."

"Mrs. Britton laughed nervously. The moon hung low in the horizon, heavy masses of fog drove through the valley. She remembered that the moonlight would only last an hour. She looked out to the vast sweep of wooded mountain ranges. Once safe in these impenetrable solitudes, no fugitive could be discovered, thank God! There was a little chamber, too, where a young wife lay near to death, with her boy beside her, waiting to hear that her husband had died upon the gallows. If—

Mr. Britton happened to read that night the story of how Lazarus was snatched out of the jaws of death. His wife listened, with her head lying on her folded arms on the table.

"This man, too, O God!" she said.

When her husband read the evening prayers, she did not kneel, and did not know he was praying.

Mr. Britton touched her gently after a while. "You are feverish, my dear; you need rest," he said.

She moved hastily to the window. The fog had blotted street and houses out of sight, and without was the silence of death.

Early the next morning a commotion was heard on the street below, shrill cries and men running. Mrs. Britton was already seated, her sewing in hand. She stitched on carefully without lifting her eyes.

Lame Joe tapped at the door. He stuttered with excitement when Mr. Britton opened it.

"De prisoner am escaped, sah. Watch-spring saw—cut de iron. Too many ob he's frens hyah las' week."

Mr. Britton ran down the stairs to join the excited crowd below. Phœbe did not move, but as she sewed her eyes shone, and the tears fell fast.

Four years later Mr. Britton sat reading the newspaper one evening to his wife. He was a changed man in these four years, it was reported in church gossip. His sermons were no longer the fine efforts of literary elegance and scholarship which they had been at first; but there was a humility and earnestness in them, as if the voice of a man saved from shipwreck crying to his fellows, which gave them strange power.

"Look at this," he said, laying the newspaper before her, and pointing to a passage. His finger trembled as he did it.

"E. P. Connors, who died in the State prison on Tuesday, confessed to the murder of Matthew Pansent, in this country, five year ago. His *ante-mortem* statement was sworn to before a magistrate. This is the murder for which Matlack, as our readers will remember, was convicted, and is still under sentence of death."

Mrs. Britton did not say a word after she had read the paragraph, but she rose hastily and left the room. She returned carrying a folded paper; she was evidently struggling with deep, controlled excitement.

"Will you send this telegram to-night to California?"

"He took it gravely. "It is to Matlack."

"Yes."

"What of him, Phœbe?"

"He is with his wife and boys. This is all he needs in life."

"You have been his friend all this time?"

"Yes, Edward."

"I thought so." He laughed to himself when he went out of the room. Then he put on his overcoat and went to the office with the telegram.

TASTE IN FARM HOUSES.—An exchange tells us that Colonel Ingersoll wants to see farmers' wives dress with more care and better taste, which would cost no more than their present style, and above all he wants to see them pitch their miserable little cook stoves out of the window and get a decent range, over which they can cook without cooking themselves. We would like it if he had added a word of the floral surroundings. No one knows how a neat little floral garden adds to the pleasure of life. But we hardly know whether it is right to address this counsel to women. If they are careless or slovenly it is too often the men's own fault. A woman when married usually becomes what her husband makes her. If what she does seems not to interest him, it is natural that she becomes indifferent. If husbands—young husbands especially—took more interest in their wives' dress and neat appearance, the cook stove or the flower garden, we will guarantee there would be less "farmers' wives" of the class Colonel Ingersoll refers to.

Sir Walter Raleigh has two humble imitators of his gallantry in Wilmington, Del. The other day a young lady halted at a muddy crossing, evidently reluctant to pass over, when an Irish laborer, having no cloak to throw down, extended his enormous brogan, upon which the lady stepped and went over dry shod A small boy, also seeing a little girl hesitate above a gutter, pushed his sled into the pool and enabled her to bridge it without detriment to her skirts.

New Advertisements.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

JOHN L. HAMILL, et. al. vs. JAMES B. LYON, et. al. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County, Penn'a, No. 1. No. 401 June Term, 1876. IN EQUITY.

BILL FOR ACC'T & SETTLEMENT OF THE PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS OF THE FIRM OF *Lyon, Shorb & Co.*

By virtue of a decree of the said Court in the above cause, the undersighned, appointed by the said Court to sell the Real and Personal property of **LYON, SHORB & CO.,** will sell at public outcry on

FRIDAY, the 29th day of MARCH, 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Ward House, in Tyrone, Pa.

1—All the lands attached to Tyrone Forges to be sold as one property, viz:

DATE OF WARRANT.	ACTUAL CONTENTS	NAME OF WARRANTEE.	LOCATION.		REMARKS.
17 June 1806	207 acres	John Gloninger,	Blair	County	Forge buildings on it.
8 Sept 1808	20	do do	"	"	Mill and Water Power on it.
1 Feb 1794	200	Frederick Lazarus,	"	"	Mountain fossil ore on it.
8 Oct 1784	169	James Harris,	"	"	Adjoins Tyrone.
1 Aug 1766	110	Edward Shippen,	"	"	do do
15 May 1804	318	Elisha Davis,	"	"	do do
2 Sept 1793	402	John Smith,	"	"	Brush Mountain Fossil ore.
do do	280	Barney Carr,	"	"	do do do
8 Oct 1784	380	Alexander Hale,	"	"	Bald Eagle Valley land.
do do	200	David Ewing,	"	"	do do do
16 Aug 1824	208	George Anshutz,	"	"	Brush Mountain Fossil ore.
1 Feb'y 1794	270	Gill Robbins,	"	"	do do do
2 Sept 1793	390	William Harrison,	"	"	do do do
do do	170	Isaac Jones,	"	"	do do do
3 April 1767	205	Christopher Lems,	"	"	
9 Mar do	232	Augustine Neiser,	"	"	
29 Jan 1794	140	Thomas Hamilton,	"	"	
19 June 1855	242	J. R. Lowrie,	"	"	Lands lying from 1 to 2 miles from Tyrone, growing up in second growth Timber, and capable of being developed into good farms, well watered and unsurpassed for grazing and grass growing.
14 June do	425	do do	"	"	
1 Dec 1784	313	James Craig,	"	"	
20 Oct 1813	205	Elisha Davis,	"	"	
20 Mar 1794	197	Whitson Birdsall,	"	"	
	403	George Anshutz,	"	"	
8 Oct 1784	108	Gavin Hamilton,	"	"	
15 Aug 1828	363	John Gloninger,	"	"	
21 Oct 1813	226	Martin Rahm,	"	"	
18 Jan 1794	100	Thomas Goodfellow,	"	"	
do do	105	David Goodfellow,	"	"	
do do	50	Robert Moore,	"	"	
30 April 1793	400	Samuel Marshall,	"	"	
14 June 1855	309	J. R. Lowrie,	"	"	Lands lying on the south face of the Allegheny Mountains, and on its summit. Three-fourths of the area is covered with rock oak and yellow pine timber.
do do	325	do do	"	"	
13 Mar 1794	400	Polly McEwen,	"	"	
do do	386	Sarah McEwen,	"	"	
do do	354	William and Henry McEwen,	"	"	
2 Sept 1793	350	James Swain,	"	"	
do do	200	Daniel Stroop,	"	"	
do do	200	John Stroop,	"	"	
13 Mar 1794	209	Hannah Turner,	"	"	

Four lots in Ironsville. Palmer lot near Ironsville.

2—All the lands attached to Colerain Forges, situate in Huntingdon county, to be sold as one property, viz:

DATE OF WARRANT.	ACTUAL CONTENTS	NAME OF WARRANTEE.	LOCATION.	REMARKS.
15 Feb 1786	70 acres	Rich'd Ricketts, Samuel Marshall,	Hunt'n Cou'y	Forge tract.
1 Aug 1766	78	James Webster,	" "	All Farm land.
3 April 1773	50	William Ingram,	" "	Old W. O. timber.
8 Aug 1794	129	Martha Russell and Middle & Lower Forge,	" "	Fine Water Power.
15 Feb 1786	91	Richard Ricketts, John Stonebreaker, part of Forge Farm	" "	
29 Jan 1794	413	Margaret Speer,	" "	
do do	395	Alexander Speer,	" "	
do do	404	Othniel Speer,	" "	On both sides of Tussey Mountain; well set in good timber.
do do	410	Joseph Welch,	" "	
do do	408	Hanicle Straw,	" "	
do do	407	Sarah McCracken,	" "	
4 June 1762	45	Heister's land,	" "	Splendid Water Power.
1 Aug 1766	51	Robert McKnight,	" "	Barrens ore land.
8 April 1803	216	Pine Hill (Penn's Manor,)	Blair	Sinking Valley.

3—All the lands attached to Pennsylvania Furnace and the ore rights specified, to be sold as one property, viz:

DATE OF WARRANT.	ACTUAL CONTENTS	NAME OF WARRANTEE.	LOCATION.		REMARKS.
25 Sept 1786	873 acres	Adam Bredin and Wm. Kerr,	Hunt'n	Cou'y	Kerr and Bredin Ore Bank.
24 Sept 1810	193	David Johnston,	"	"	
do do	84	John McWilliams,	"	"	
8 June 1808	150	Leonard Hartline,	"	"	Hostler Ore Bank.
9 Oct 1811	77	John Hostler,	"	"	
4 Nov 1801	301	Peter Crispin, N. Gerrard, Jos. Morgan,	"a Cent.	"	Furnace and Farm.
1 Aug 1766	80	John Wrye,	"	"	Farm.
do do	11	Scruthers,	"	"	do
do do	12	John Morrison,	"	"	do
do do	21	Bailey Mill Tract,	Centre	"	Grist Mill.
2 Aug 1784	153	Isaac Worrell,	"	"	
6 Sept 1813	382	Samuel Duncan,	"	"	Penn'a Furnace Pipe Ore Bank and Adjoinders.
3 Aug 1784	65	James Wilson,	"a Hunt	"	
4 Nov 1801	209	Peter Crispin,	"	"	
28 Feb 1785	109	John Hanna,	"	"	
22 Jan 1829	150	Jos. Barnett, Batman residue,	"	"	Whorrel Ore Bank.
28 Feb 1785	151	Lydia Fowler,	"	"	
6 Jan 1814	218	Jacob Underwood,	"	"	
8 Oct 1784	87	William King,	Centre	"	
26 Aug 1794	103	Levi Hollingsworth and Jos. Barnett,	"	"	Gatesburg Ore Field.
		Samuel Bryan,	"	"	Lytle Bank do
9 Mar 1785	126	Richard Whitehead,	"	"	Bryan Bank do
do do	308	Jacob Way,	"	"	Bull Bank do
6 Sept 1816	91	Henry Floyd,	"	"	
15 Mar 1820	417	John McKissick,	"	"	
30 April 1793	217	William Lambourn,	"	"	
24 Sept 1792	400	Jacob Pyle,	"	"	
4 Oct 1827	136	Richard Joliff,	"	"	
26 June 1792	400¾	James Baker,	"	"	The lands covered by these surveys, commonly termed "Barrens," are a light loam, sometimes sandy, but generally easily turned into good farms.
do do	400¾	J. Petherbridge,	"	"	
do do	400¾	Benjamin Horner, Sr.,	"	"	
do do	400	Jacob Baker,	"	"	
do do	315	John Baker,	"	"	
do do	233	Robert Ranklin,	"	"	
do do	100	Isaac Buckbee,	"	"	
do do	117	Josiah Lusby,	"	"	
do do	117	Lots in Liebenthal; parts of survey are in the names of Richard Mosley, H. Manley, Benjamin Horner, Jr., Caleb North, and Isaac Buckbee,	"	"	They are covered with a young growth of thrifty timber, and full of iron ore. The L. C. and S. Creek Railroad traverses many of the surveys and brings all of them into easy access.
	1353		"	"	
22 Jan 1829	135	Joseph Barnett,	"	"	
	176	William Butler and Ed. Miles,	"	"	
27 July 1815	325	John Anderson,	"	"	
21 Nov 1785	139	Jacob Liter,	"	"	
16 Dec 1811	162	George Colmeyer,	"	"	
18 May 1786	299	Joseph Nice and George Nice,	"	"	
29 Jan 1794	402	Ann Lamb,	Hunt'n	"	
do do	402	James Lamb,	"	"	
do do	399	Elizabeth Hamilton,	"	"	
do do	407	Thomas Hamilton,	"	"	
do do	399	Esther Moore,	"	"	
do do	399	Robert Moore,	"	"	These surveys lie on Tussey Mountain, north and south slopes, and are covered with a fine growth of timber.
do do	405	Sarah Hastings,	Centre	"	
do do	400	John Hastings,	"	"	
do do	405	James McCracken,	Hunt'n	"	
do do	398	Daniel Turner,	Centre	"	
do do	400	Hannah Turner,	"	"	
do do	404	James Moore,	"	"	
do do	418	Aaron Levy,	"	"	
do do	404	Thomas Ferguson,	"	"	
17 Aug 1849	388	Alfred B. Crewit,	"	"	These surveys lie on the south side of Tussey Mountain, and are growing up with young timber.
21 Jan 1794	259	James Ash,	Hunt'n	"	
do do	259	William Shannon,	"	"	
do do	370	George Bingham,	"	"	
do do	320	Caldwallader Evans,	"	"	
do do	405	Philip Sickle,	"	"	
2 Nov 1784	369	William Bracken,	"	"	
24 Dec 1792	189	Joseph Kuhns,	Centre	"	Lying on north slope of Brush Mountain; they present four miles of Fossil ore veins.
do do	119	Abraham Kuhns,	"	"	
do do	91	Isaac Kuhns,	"	"	
do do	247	George Kuhns,	"	"	
do do	226	Michael Kuhns,	"	"	
do do	390	Mathias Kuhns,	"	"	

And the ore rights reserved on the following tracts:

9 Mar 1787	427	John Rumberger,	Centre	Coun'y
21 June 1799	323	William Van Publ,	"	"
18 May 1786	200	Joseph and George Nice,	"	"
26 June 1792	400	William McKean,	"	"
do do	400	John McKean,	"	"
do do	200	Caleb North,	"	"
do do	200	R. Rankin,	"	"
28 Feb 1785	200	John Hannah,	"	"
	1766 50	Joseph Branstetler,	"	" McGlathery Bank.
	do 20	Joseph Beck,	Hunt'n	" Newtown Bank.
8 Oct 1784	150	William King,	Centre	"
9 Mar 1785	118	Samuel Bryan,	"	"

4—All the lands attached to Bald Eagle Furnace in Blair, Centre and Huntingdon counties, and the ore rights held in common with G. and J. H. Shoenberger, situate in Centre, Blair and Huntingdon counties, to be sold as one property, viz:

DATE OF WARRANT.	ACTUAL CONTENTS	NAME OF WARRANTEE.	LOCATION.	REMARKS.
8 Oct 1784	300 acres	Samuel Magaw,	Blair County.	Furnace improvements; Mill, Store, Warehouse, Mansion & 300 acres cleared land.
12 Oct 1785	389	John Hoffman,	" "	
3 Aug 1784	222	Ann Massey,	" "	
24 June 1794	52	Joel Harlan,	" "	Smooth valley lands, susceptible of high cultivation for farms. Traversed by the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad.
24 Aug	129	George Anshutz,	" "	
24 Jan 1827	280	Peter Moore,	" "	
24 Aug 1814	187	George Anshutz,	" "	
18 Dec 1784	270	Joseph Downing,	Centre "	
8 Dec 1784	391	Samuel Downing,	" "	
9 Sept 1807	420	Daniel Hoffman,	Blair "	
8 Aug 1824	412	Frances Gardner,	" "	
7 Feb 1812	113	C. Baughman,	" "	
6 July 1795	280	William Burge,	Centre "	
18 Jan 1794	150	John Hover,	" "	
do do	160	John Sherrick,	" "	All these lands, when cleared, make the best of grazing farms. They are well watered, and lying convenient to the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad and the Philipsburg Railroad. Are now thickly set with a thrifty second growth of timber.
do do	100	James Adams,	" "	
17 April 1793	400	Jane Craig,	" "	
18 Jan 1794	160	Nathaniel Adams,	" "	
17 April 1793	319	Margaret Craig,	" "	
6 July 1795	433	Joseph Dreak,	" "	
do do	200	George Rite,	" "	
6 Dec 1837	336	Elijah Merryman,	" "	
1 July 1829	150	Andrew Berryhill,	" "	
8 Sept 1794	376	G. F. Alberti,	" "	
do do	211	Nicholas Hammond,	" "	
29 Mar 1854	209	Robert Campbell,	" "	
2 Jan 1854	363	William Addleman,	" "	
14 Jan 1794	40	James Fox,	" "	
13 Mar 1794	150	Thomas Maston,	" "	
do do	150	Richard Whitehead,	" "	
2 July 1792	400	Job Packer,	Hunt'n	" Pennington Ore Tract.
12 Oct 1795	72	Thomas Kerr,	"	" Dorsey & Phillips' Tract.

New Advertisements.

And the ore rights on the following lands of G. and J. H. Shoenberger, held in common and attached to Bald Eagle Furnace and to Huntingdon Furnace.

24 Dec	1792	402	Benjamin West,	Hunt'n	Cou'y	
do	do	397	Stephen Kingston,	"	"	
do	do	400	John Taylor,	"	"	Cale Hollow.
do	do	394	David Stewart,	"	"	
23 July	1766	100	James Armitage,	"	"	
24 Dec	1792	395	John West,	"	"	
do	do	406	Patrick Moore,	"	"	
6 July	1795	560	D. Porter,	"	"	
2 Sept	1793	456	William Stout,	Blair	"	On the summit and north slope of Brush Mountain.
do	do	192	Charles Stout,	"	"	
do	do	234	Robert Stewart,	"	"	
do	do	238	George Stout,	"	"	
do	do	237	Thomas Sutton,	"	"	
do	do	249	Thomas Carr,	"	"	
do	do	401	John Carr,	" & Cent	"	
18 May	1786	389	Philip Hevener,	Centre	"	North slope of Brush Mountain, having the Fossil ores for five miles.
do	do	401	Jacob Shuler,	"	"	
		10,638				

5—Sundry parcels of land adjacent to Tyrone and inside the Borough lines of that town, aggregating seventy-two acres, to be sold as one property.

The lands enumerated in the above Schedule, held in fee simple by Lyon, Shorb & Co., aggregate upwards of 40,000 acres, of which 11,000 are rich in Pipe Ores and other Brown Hematites.

The ore rights on lands sold by Lyon, Shorb & Co., but reserved in perpetuity to them, cover 2,695 acres. The ore rights held in connection with G. & J. H. Shoenberger cover 10,400 acres. The fossil ores extend for 11 miles on the North Slope of Brush or Bald Eagle Mountain. Among the lands enumerated are 1,000 acres of farm land cleared and in the highest possible cultivation, divided among four farms, with the best dwellings, barns, &c. There are four Grist Mills driven by permanent and abundant water power, and well located for merchant work on the several railroads. There are 135 Tenant houses on the lands connected with office and store, warehouse buildings, required to carry on the manufacture of Pig Iron at Pennsylvania Furnace and Blooms at Colerain and Tyrone Forges. The machinery and buildings in use at this Furnace and these Forges are considered by their owners as having no superior in the United States for convenient and economical production of Pig Iron and Blooms.

RAILROAD FACILITIES.—The Bald Eagle Valley and Clearfield Railroads pass through a large portion of the lands of Bald Eagle Furnace. The Pennsylvania Railroad traverses many of the lands of Tyrone Forges, and the L. C. & S. C. R. R. taps the ore fields of Pennsylvania Furnace and Huntingdon Furnace ore rights, bringing these immense deposits in direct communication with Tyrone.

Parties wishing to examine these properties before bidding, are invited to call on the undersigned and they will at any time be taken over them and their location shown to them.

TERMS OF SALE.—One half the purchase money payable on confirmation of sale, and the other half by bond of the purchaser payable in one year, with interest, secured by mortgage on the premises purchased.

Partners who may purchase, shall give bond with approved security, payable on demand, with interest, and also mortgage on the premises purchased.

J. R. LOWRIE, Trustee,
WARRIORSMARK, Huntingdon County Pa.

8 5t

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after December 12, 1877:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia		11 55	p m
" " Harrisburg		4 25	a m
" " Williamsport		8 35	a m
" " Lock Haven		9 40	a m
" " Renovo		10 55	a m
" arr at Erie		7 35	p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia		7 20	a m
" " Harrisburg		10 50	a m
" " Williamsport		2 20	p m
" " Lock Haven		3 25	p m
" arr at Renoo		4 40	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		4 35	p m
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia		11 45	a m
" " Harrisburg		3 35	p m
" " Williamsport		7 30	p m
" arr at Lock Haven		8 40	p m

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves Lock Haven	6 40	a m
" " Williamsport	7 55	a m
" arr at Harrisburg	11 55	a m
" " Philadelphia	3 45	p m
DAY EXP. leaves Renovo	10 10	a m
" " Lock Haven	11 20	a m
" " Williamsport	12 40	p m
" arr at Harrisburg	4 10	p m
" " Philadelphia	7 20	p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Renovo	8 35	p m
" " Lock Haven	9 45	p m
" " Williamsport	11 05	p m
" arr at Harrisburg	2 45	a m
" " Philadelphia	7 00	a m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport	12 55	a m
" arr at Harrisburg	3 58	a m
" " Philadelphia	7 35	a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, Lock Haven Accommodation West, and Day Express East, make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Erie Express West, and Lock Haven Accommodation West, make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R., at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Exp. West, Erie Exp. West, Philadelphia Express East and Day Express East, and Sunday Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, *Gen'l Sup't.*

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table December 31, 1877.

WESTWARD.

	Exp. A. M.	Mail P. M.
Leave Lock Haven	5 25	3 25
Flemington	5 29	3 30
Mill Hall	5 33	3 33
Beech Creek	5 46	3 47
Eagleville	5 50	3 51
Howard	6 00	4 02
Mount Eagle	6 08	4 10
Curtin	6 13	4 16
Milesburg	6 23	4 25
Bellefonte	6 33	4 35
Milesburg	6 43	4 45
Snow Shoe Int	6 48	4 48
Unionville	6 58	4 58
Julian	7 09	5 10
Martha	7 18	5 21
Port Matilda	7 26	5 31
Hannah	7 34	5 40
Bald Eagle	7 48	5 53
Vail	7 53	5 58
East Tyrone	7 58	6 03
Arrive at Tyrone	8 05	6 10

EASTWARD.

	P.M.	A.M.
Leave Tyrone	7 08	8 30
East Tyrone	7 15	8 37
Vail	7 19	8 42
Bald Eagle	7 23	8 47
Hannah	7 36	9 02
Port Matilda	7 44	9 11
Martha	7 52	9 20
Julian	8 01	9 30
Unionville	8 11	9 42
Snow Shoe Int	8 21	9 51
Milesburg	8 24	9 55
Bellefonte	8 32	9 03
Milesburg	8 45	10 15
Curtin	8 55	10 25
Mount Eagle	9 00	10 30
Howard	9 08	10 40
Eagleville	9 18	10 52
Beech Creek	9 22	10 57
Mill Hall	9 34	11 10
Flemington	9 37	11 14
Arrive at Lock Haven	9 42	11 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect on and after Dec. 31, 1877.

Leaves Snow Shoe 7.20 a. m., arrives in Bellefonte 9.20 a. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 10.20 a. m., arrives at Snow Shoe 11.57 a. m.

Leaves Snow Shoe 2.42 p. m., arrives in Bellefonte 4.12 p. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 4.55 p. m., arrives Snow Shoe 6.27 p. m.

DANIEL RHOADS, *General Sup't.*

Glad Tidings for the *Weak, Nervous* and *Debilitated. Our Latest Improved Self-Acting Galvanic Appliances* are a *speedy* and *permanent* cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney, Liver and Female Complaints, Nervous Prostration Weak Lungs, Back and Spinal Irritation, and Kindred Diseases. Prices, Waist Belt, $5.00; Spinal Belt, for Paralysis and Spinal Ailments, $10.00 and upwards; Armlets, Anklets, Head Bands, Knee Caps, $2.00 each; Suspenders, $5.00 Illustrated pamphlet free. Address,

GALVANO-MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
27 East 14th Street, New York.

W. L. FOULK, Agent Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Western Press Association, is hereby appointed the sole and only authorized agent for the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN, for Pittsburg, Allegheny and vicinity—this to hold good for six months or further extended.

Bellefonte, April 16, 1877

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar Street, New York. 6-6m

Buggies and Carriages.

REMOVAL.

Ew'd A. Bullock & Co.,

MILESBURG, PA.,

MANUFACTPRERS OF

Buggies, Carriages

SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS,

—AND—

LUMBER WAGONS.

Having rebuilt our factory, lately burned in the great fire at Milesburg, we have removed from Bellefonte, and can now be found at our new place of business, near

CENTRAL CITY MILLS.

Thankful to our friends for past favors we solicit a continuance of their patronage at our new establishment.

REPAIRING NEATLY & CAREFULLY DONE, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our motto is, *As Cheap as the Cheapest, and as Good as the Best.*

7 23-tf.

GO TO

J. R. BARTROFF

FOR FINE

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.,

REPAIRING promptly and neatly done, at reasonable rates.

9 22-tf *E. Bishop-st., Bellefonte, Pa.*

Drugs and Medicines.

Drugs, Drugs, Drugs.

S. T. SHUGERT having purchased the Drug Store, on Allegheny-st., Bellefonte, next door to the Hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked it with all the most popular

Drugs & Medicines,

Chemicals,

Perfumery,

Soaps, Combs,

Brushes,

Trusses,

Supporters,

Braces,

Fancy and Toilet Articles, Etc.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only.

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS

CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

The store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist, herctofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

9 16-1y S. T. SHUGERT.

ESTABLISHED. 1853. ESTABLISHED 1853.

F. P. GREEN,

DRUGGIST,

Bush House Building, Bellefonte. Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on short notice, a full assortment of everything usually kept in a first class drug store. Particular attention given to preparing physician's prescriptions, and family recipes. 6 1 1y

The Magic Coin Box

holds over $5.00 of silver coin, in Half Dollars, Quarter Dollars, Dimes and Nickles. The merest movement of your thumb pushes the desired coin into your hand, and another one immediately takes its place, as if by magic. Makes change in half the time, with no danger of dropping any. Sample, handsomely plated with Nickle Silver, sent postpaid for 50 cents. Agents trial package, containing three Coin Boxes, for $1.00 Illustrated Catalogue of Novelty Chromos, Jewelry, Stationery Packages, &c., &c., free. Agents wanted everywhere. Big pay. **National Novelty Co.**, No. 400 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 10 4t

Strawbridge & Clothier, Dry Goods.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 1ST, 1878.

Strawbridge & Clothier,

ARE DAILY OPENING

NEW and BEAUTIFUL FABRICS

THE PRODUCTS OF THE

BEST MAKERS

OF

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND SCOTLAND.

As our supplies, Foreign and Domestic, come direct from the manufacturer to us, there is no intermediate profit to pay, and we are, therefore, able to sell one dress pattern as low as the same goods are sold by the case.

We are now offering a superb stock of

Parisian Novelties in Dress Fabrics

Too numerous to specify, but which comprise the choicest styles that will be shown in Paris and London during the present season. These goods have been selected by ourselves, personally, in the Paris market. We also have received by late steamer, and just opened, our first invoice of

French Lawns and Organdies, Jaconets, Toile d'Alsace, &c, &c.,

Which we commend to the early attention of all who desire to inspect full lines of all the choice and latest designs in these goods.

OUR BLACK GOODS STOCK

Has also received the most careful attention, and we are displaying an unusual assortment of

BLACK French CASHMERES,

IN FORTY DIFFERENT QUALITIES AND WIDTHS,

FROM 47 CENTS PER YARD, UPWARD.

Every quality guaranteed to be made of FINE Wool. The goods we sell are made by the best manufacturer in France, and are believed to be unequalled in every respect. In

Black Hernanies & Grenadines

We shall submit the finest assortment ever shown in Philadelphia, in COTTON and WOOL, ALL-WOOL, WOOL and SILK, and ALL-SILK goods.

Through our

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT,

Customers all over the United States are enabled to enjoy every advantage that persons resident in Philadelphia possess in shopping personally at our counters. Requests for

SAMPLES

Promptly attended to, and all ORDERS executed with care and the utmost fidelity to the interests of our patrons. Attention is invited to the fact that all letters are answers and orders filled by return mail.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. Corner Eighth and Market Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour and Feed.

DUNCAN, HALE & CO.,

(Successors to John M. Wagner & Co.,)

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR, FEED, &c.,

AND DEALERS IN

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

The highest market price paid for

WHEAT, RYE,

CORN,

OATS, &c.

6 39-1

Watchmaker.

WATCHMAKER'S

REMOVAL.

F. C. RICHARDS

takes this opportunity to inform his friends that he has removed to the new building lately erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door to the office of Alexander & Co., on High St. At his new store he has increased facilities for doing business, and guarantees entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired on short notice. 7-8-1f

PIANOS Retail price $900 only $260. *Parlor Organs*, price $475 only $105. Paper free. D. F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. 9 4t

IF YOU Want a Farm or Home, with independence and plenty in your old age.

THE BEST THING IN THE WEST.

IS THE

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE R. R.

LANDS IN KANSAS.

Circular with Map, giving full information, *free*. Address A. S. Johnson, Acting Land Commissioner, Topeka, Ks. 9 4t

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A WHOLE TEMPERANCE LIBRARY IN A SINGLE VOLUME. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

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TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription, will please address, E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. 6-6m

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3 cent stamp, Ben. Vandclf & Co., 29 Ann Street, N. Y. 6-6m

Miscellaneous.

STOCKBRIDGE

MANURES

Originated by Prof. Stockbridge, Professor of Agriculture in the Massachusetts Agricultural College

These Manures are compounded for each crop, furnishing the plant food which each particular crop requires. They have produced from 50 to 80 bushels Corn, 25 to 40 bushels Wheat, 25 to 50 bushels Oats, 150 to 250 bushels Potatoes, 2 to 3 tons Hay per acre, and other crops in proportion. They have been used for five years with such success that in 1877 they were applied on over 10,000 acres with excellent results. Send for Pamphlet, Free.

BOWKER'S

HILL & DRILL PHOSPHATE,

Very fine, dry, and high grade. Also

Agricultural Chemicals.

W. H. BOWKER & CO.,

3 Park Place - - - New York.

43 Chatham Street - Boston. 9 12t

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. **HEAL THYSELF** 9 42 1y

$55 to $77 a Week to agents. $10 Outfit FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. v8 35-1y

RAILROAD HOUSE,

Corner Front and Pine Street,

Philipsburg, Centre County, Pa

ROBERT LOYD, Proprietor.

The best of liquors and cigars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. 4 25 1y

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST **NAVY Tobacco!**

Awarded *highest prize* at Centennial Exposition for *fine chewing qualities* and *excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring*. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free. C. A. JACKSON & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

G. F. WARDLE, General Agent, Philadelphia 9 4t

AGENTS WANTED Everywhere, Instantly! for

Conquest of Turkey!!

By the *gifted* authors, Dr. L. P. BROCKET, and Hon. P. C. BLISS. The *complete* and *thrilling* history of the *fall* of an *Empire*, after 300 *years* of *bitter* strife. *Graphic* descriptions of *terrible battles*, exciting *all Europe*. *Positively* the *ablest* and *cheapest* work only $250, but *splendidly illustrated*. *Grandest* chance to *coin money* now offered. For full particulars, address, HUBBARD BROS., Pubs., 723 Sansom St. Phila., Pa. 9 4t

The Bellefonte Republican

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every Wednesday at Bellefonte, Centre county, Pennsylvania, by

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, in advance.....$2 00
If not paid for within 6 months..... 2 50
If not paid for until expiration of year..... 3 00

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Editorial notices in our columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Marriage or death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices, ten lines in length, free; exceeding ten lines, five cents per line.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding five lines, this type, $8.00 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months, twenty cents per line for the first three insertions, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 inch (12 lin' this typ'e)	$ 5 00	$ 8 00	$ 12 00
Two inches.....	7 00	10 00	15 00
Three inches.....	10 00	15 00	20 00
Four inches.....	11 00	17 00	25 00
Quarter column.....	12 00	20 00	30 00
Half column.....	20 00	35 00	55 00
One column.....	35 00	55 00	125 00

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

We have now the very best facilities for doing first-class Job Work, and solicit the patronage of all friends of the paper, together with all others who desire to obtain good work at fair prices.

We have the best workmen, the best presses, and the best type to be found anywhere.

Address all communications, relating to business, to

EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Anything to Beat Cameron.

The Pittsburgh *Post* has a plan for defeating what it terms Cameronism in this State. This scheme is nothing more than what a correspondent of the *Post* calls "an honorable alliance of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania with the National, or Labor Reform party, in order to secure the result that each is struggling for—the overthrow of Cameronism." If that is all the purpose of those two parties it strikes us that they have an insufficient excuse for an existence. That Simon Cameron has heretofore been a powerful politician we do not deny, but we very much doubt if he is so omnipotent, or ever has been, as his opponents would make it appear. We believe that much of the supposed power of the Camerons has been derived from the fears of their enemies in exaggerating their influence and control, thus, to a large extent, assisting to bring about the state of things which they profess to deprecate.

We are willing to accept as a fact a recent assertion of our Democratic contemporary in this place that there are a good many things we don't know—we make no pretentions to the universal knowledge which the editor of the *Watchman* evidently thinks he possesses. Among the things we don't know, whether it be true or not, is that the Camerons have had absolute control of the people of this State for many years; that the Legislature is generally in thier power and ready to do their bidding. Indeed we are sceptical as to one man possessing and holding such immense power as the foes of Simon Cameron attribute to him. We have seen no evidences of it, and nothing to prove that assumption except the generalizing assertions of politicians and editors, of all parties, which have been repeated until a great many people evidently believe them. If you ask any of these persons who are so fearful of the Cameron influence for the proof that they exercise such boundless control over the affairs of this Commonwealth, we are met by the assertion that it certainly is so, and that everybody knows it to be so, yet no proof is offered to sustain these sweeping allegations.

We repeat that we are among those who don't know that the Camerons wield, or have wielded, such unlimited powers. If such is the fact, we should be very glad to know it, and are ready to examine the proofs whenever they are laid before us. But we shall insist upon something more definite and satisfactory than mere vague and sweeping assertions, unsustained by a particle of fact which we know to be reliable. We believe that Simon Cameron has owed much of his influence and prosperity in the past to the assumptions of his enemies that he was all-powerful and could do whatever he pleased. People seemed to take it as a matter of course that Cameron was invincible, and that it was not worth while to attempt to oppose him in any of his schemes.

Now it is proposed to make this universal fear of the terrible Camerons the basis of a coalition between the Democrats and Nationals. That is, the former party would persuade the adherents of the latter that a union of both is necessary to make a successful head against the octogenarian, Simon Cameron, and his son Don. Is it not an instructive spectacle? The Camerons have reason to congratulate themselves upon the assumption of their enemies that they alone are so mighty that it will require the combination of two great parties to overthrow them. The Pittsburgh *Post* shows by figures, based upon last fall's election returns, that the Labor-Reform party holds the balance of power in enough districts to give a majority in the Legislature to the anti-Cameronites—that is, practically, to the Democrats, for it is they who would reap the reward, for they would control the coalition.

Perhaps the Nationals will be persuaded that their organization has no worthier object of existence than to defeat Don Cameron in his effort to be returned to the United States Senate, and to give the control of the State to the Democracy. But we imagine there are some persons in that party who have other objects in view, and such as they believe more worthy of the existence of an organization which claims to be national.

Peter Herdic's Misfortunes.

It is usually regarded as ungenerous "to strike a man when he is down," or to remind one who is unfortunate of his shortcomings; yet, in the case of those who have acquired riches or distinguished positions by unfair means, it is a part of their deserved punishment—when the day of retribution overtakes them—that the truth about their characters should be told and their dishonest practices exposed. Besides this, it is due to the community that the facts in such a case shall be made known, especially as a warning to others, and particularly to the youth of our land.

One of the worst effects of the successful results of an unprincipled career—like that of Jim Fisk or Wm. M. Tweed—is that it excites emulation among young men, who are apt to conclude, from such examples, that honesty is *not* the best policy. They see men rolling in wealth, whose names are in everybody's mouth, who are envied by all who covet worldly prosperity, yet who have achieved success by notoriously corrupt practices, and who do not hesitate to proclaim their want of principle and thus virtually recommend to others to do likewise if they would win in the race.

Yet the end of such a career is almost always deplorable. Seldom does selfish ambition and want of principle fail to bring a calamitous reverse of fortune or the evil-doer escape his just reward, even in this world, and in the eyes of men—to say nothing of the punishment inflicted by an outraged conscience, surely not a light affliction. Look at the careers—and especially their close—in the cases of Napoleon Bonaparte, Napoleon III., Jim Fisk and Wm. M. Tweed. Who would care to exchange places with either of them, considering his career throughout, and especially its termination?

The Williamsport *Banner* republishes the New York *Sun's* story of Peter Herdic, with the following comments. We know little of the subject of these remarks, and whether they are just or not are unprepared to decide:

Apart from the glittering dress in which the writer's fancy has clothed the career of Mr. Herdic, we wish to call the attention of the reader to the moral of the career of Herdic; the moral that dishonesty can never thrive, that rascality never pays in the long run, and that the rich rogue if he escape the punishment of human law cannot escape the anger of an offended God. Guilty of every crime known to the calander, having acquired fortune by legal robbery of his fellow men and built up a fortune filched from the hard earnings of others through legislation procured by bribery, fraud, perjury and other possibly more infamous measures, Peter Herdic to-day dare not claim ownership in one penny of the results of all those years of toilsome crime. The enterprises that have been founded by Herdic are like Dead sea apples, bitter and useless. His fork factory is a pile of ruins; his rubber factory is in the hands of an assignee; his saw mills and lumber are transferred to others; his nail works are in the hands of the Sheriff, and his planing mill is also seized for debt. Not one of them has paid, and all because of the lack of moral and personal honesty of Herdic. Truly the *Sun* writer says, "He has but little conscience and no sense of moral obligation." He is a bold, bad, dangerous man. He has stooped to every crime that he could safely commit and the magnitude of his offenses seems to constitute his safety from punishment by the law. The careful reader of the *Sun's* lengthy article, who looks beneath the surface, will be astounded at the depth of rascality there pictured. The bribery of the Common Council and the Legislature; the theft of the contract reducing boomage from the archives of the State government; the forgery of telegrams to members of the Legislature; turning off the gas from the House of Representatives; bribing its members and stealing the archives of the city to manufacture boom petitions are some of Herdic's crimes that are therein enumerated.

His career in the city is too well known to need comment; our terrible city debt is a monument to his rascality that will long endure and will perpetuate his infamy. Herdic has no heart. He has betrayed his best friends, and used most basely those who have been truest to his interest. He has failed, having no tangible assets, and goes out of active business enveloped in a cloud of fraud, and followed by the curses of those whom he has robbed and deceived. The city is well rid of him, and our business interests freed from his presence will take a fresh and prosperous start. The system of dishonesty he has built up will perish with him; the men of to-day, warned by his fall, will avoid the temptations to dishonesty that his apparently successful career heretofore furnished, and will learn from his downfall that rascality never pays, and that in the long run "Honesty is indeed the best policy."

What will you take to Drink?

Some days ago we noticed that among the bills favorably reported in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, was one "declaring the habit of treating to intoxicating drinks a misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment." What has been done with this bill, if anything, we have not observed, nor do we know whether its passage is probable or not. We seriously doubt whether the object intended to be accomplished by this bill is one which can be affected by legislation; we are inclined to think it is among those evils which cannot be reached by law. Yet that the evil intended so to be suppressed is a very serious one we are confident most persons who have considered the subject will agree.

No doubt it would be better if the habit of drinking at bars could be suppressed entirely, yet as there are many who have not yet decided to quit drinking altogether, it is to be hoped that their own action, if the law cannot, will put a stop to the injurious American practice of treating. It is said to be peculiarly an American custom; in Europe two friends will enter a saloon together, each will call for what he wants, and each pay for what he has ordered. Our custom of one person paying for the drinks of the other is wholly unknown there. It is a bad habit, one of which we can say,

"Though we are native here,
And to the manor born, it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance."

We believe it to be the cause of a great deal of drunkenness, and of ruin of many generous and worthy young men. A person enters a saloon wishing the stimulus of a glass of beer or some other liquor. He wants but one, and if left alone, would take no more. Perhaps he meets a friend on the way, and invites him, or is invited, to take a glass together. Or, he enters the place where liquor is sold, and meets there a number of acquaintances. It is very unamerican, and considered ungenerous and improper for a person to drink without asking the others present whom he knows, to share with him. Thus he is, perhaps, compelled to pay for half a dozen drinks, where he only wanted one. Then the other members of the party, not to be outdone in liberality, insists upon treating, each in his turn, and the party must drink or give offence to those who have already joined with him in draining the social glass. Thus it will happen that the person whose experience we are noting, will be induced to take several drinks which he does not desire, but which he cannot refuse—and will leave the place, perhaps, considerably intoxicated, and with his pockets drained of his hard earnings to his future distress and that of his family, if he has one.

It is, as all can see—and no one knows it better than the victims of custom—a flagrant evil, and the parent of much misery. Many a young man is made a drunkard, and fills a drunkard's grave, who would never have become so, but for this wretched American practice of treating. How can it best be remedied? Of course all who believe in total abstinence will at once say, by ceasing to drink intoxicating liquors altogether; by keeping away from the places where they are sold. This is, unquestionably the best course, but it is one which many cannot be induced at once to follow, yet who do not wish to indulge to excess, and who would not do so if left to themselves—who might still, notwithstanding their drinking habits, be saved from the inebriate's fate if the miserable practice of treating could be abolished.

We do not believe, we repeat, that the law can accomplish the desired result; it is a proposition to meddle too closely in private social affairs. It would be about as reasonable to enact the ten commandments or the golden rule; the difficulty is in the enforcement of such statutes. Public opinion, and the good sense of those who insist upon drinking, moderately, must furnish the remedy. Let all who will drink, have the moral courage to do so by themselves, to the extent they believe good for them, resisting all temptations to treat or be treated. Let the reason for their action be once understood, recognized, and approved—as it would be by the more sensible—and a reform could be soon effected. Perhaps an anti-treating association would be a good thing, and this would prepare the way for the members eventually to join societies whose platform is total abstinence from intoxicating fluids.

JAS. BLACK, chairman of the State Central Committee of the Prohibition party, has issued a call for a State Convention to meet at Altoona, on Wednesday, May 22, to put in nomination a State ticket, to be voted for next fall. Mr. Thomas J. Taylor of Unionville, is the member of the State committee for this county. It is hoped there will be a good attendance.

SEVERAL of our Democratic exchanges recommend Hon. Geo. A. Jenks of Jefferson county, for the Gubernatorial nomination. If we were a Democrat we would by all means vote for Jenks. He is every inch a gentleman.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Reminiscences of Bellefonte, Twenty Years Ago.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—A good many years have passed since I last climbed the hills of Bellefonte, upon whose roughness I have worn out many a pair of number six shoes—on number eight feet. The old town has doubtless changed much, perhaps improved some. There was need of improvement in some directions. Some of us have grown older, too, and should I now look into the "beautiful fountain" the reflection would probably develop "crows' feet," for the water must be getting old, and there are doubtless wrinkles on its face.

How well I recollect the *old* Bellefonte of *ante-bellum* days. I had almost written it *ante-diluvian*. The old town, which was the very centre of the universe to me. The old Court House stood then with its back leaning against the hill and its face to the west, as though trying in vain to see where the sun went to when it disappeared behind the hills. The old Court House is no more, but I presume the sun still plays hide and seek among the mountains.

The old jail, too, stood just across the way, with its side fairly buried in the hill, and with wall so high that a boy on stilts could scarcely step over it, and a prisoner could not jump it without having taken a run.

On the hill top stood the school house, the crowning glory of the town.

"Don't you hear the children coming—
Coming into school?
Don't you hear the master drumming
On the window with his rule?
Master drumming, children coming into school.

"Don't you hear the scholars thrumming
Bumble-bees in June?—
All the leaves together thumbing,
Singers hunting for a tune,
Master mending pens, and humming 'Benny Doon?'"

Just back of the school house was the circus ground, where the deacons went to see the animals and the boys crawled under the tent. I can see the ring this minute, and the "fiery, untamed steeds" charging around it almost as fast as the clown at their sides could walk; and the world-renowned "bare-back" riders on a saddle broad as my grandmother's kitchen table, with the leaves up. The man-monkey is descending the rope, from giddy heights, exercising great care in the descent lest he fall into the open mouths of the country boys below. And the menagerie is there furnishing the moral part of the show, for the store beasts are more moral than the men. All "under one mammoth pavilion, and but one admission fee."

Free-school hill was just as high and steep and rough as nature made it.

"And coated o'er with snow,
Afforded a sliding place, some twenty years ago."

How a sled would *scoot* from the top of the hill past the old Court House and jail, through the "diamond," down High street, across the old-time wooden bridge, a half mile or more in as little time as it takes to write this sentence. What rare sport for the boys—boys who are men now—boys who lie beneath the pines in your beautiful cemetary—boys who in early manhood marched forth at the country's call "for three years or during," and who never returned to their native hills. Some are laid away at Gettysburg, and some sleep in the Wilderness. The flags under which they marched forth were new and beautiful; they are tattered now, and "battle riven." We contemplate their shreds with tearful eyes, and something comes up in our throat which will not down at our bidding.

Yes, coasting on the hill was rare sport for the boys, and many an "old fellow got mixed with the boys," sometimes to their sorrow. I remember one whose ride was short, but whose walk on crutches was long thereafter. He will remember it too, should this line meet his eye; he will remember it as long as his name is "Tom." We rode down the hill then, and dragged the sled to the top again; and we have been doing the same thing ever since in the "ups and downs" of life.

The old bridge spanned the river then, and the "burnt mill" was good as new, and just across the meadow was the spring. The old wheel pumped the water then, and the moss was green upon it. Its thud was music to our ears, and the little trout contemplated it with wonder as they swam in the beautiful foam made by its turning.

The boys swam in "greeney," just at the foot of Halfmoon hill, and hid each other's clothes in the bushes; and some of them did not have very many to hide, either.

Those were the days of the stage coach, for the railroad was "thirty miles away." The stage coach brought our friends and carried them away again, thus making us glad twice, sometimes. The city papers and our letters were brought on the "coach and four." Great, high-wheeled, stylish-looking coaches, swinging on great leathern springs, with seats inside for a round dozen and room on top for more. There were lively coaching times when competition was brisk, and many a ride of thirty miles was had for half a dollar or less. Thirty miles across mountains and through valleys, the beauties of which are not excelled in America—beauties which people learn to appreciate after having lived for years in the western prairie country, where the land all lies flat on its side. Thirty miles over the turnpike, starting from the Conrad House or from Cumming's tavern, over the way. Starting in style—the steeds on their metal and Bill Payne on the box. Thirty miles along the banks of the beautiful streams, rippling over their rocky beds; through the shady mountain passes and across the valley of Penn's. Stopping at Pleasant Gap, and on the top of Nittany mountain to look at the valley below. Stopping at Centre Hall to water the horses at the pen stock; at the Old Fort; at the 'Bank," even though you did not wish to make a deposit or draw a check. You may make a note of it, however, that a great many persons who stopped at the "Bank," those days, did so for the purpose of making or taking a *draft*, though the proper spelling of the word would require two additional letters, and expose the people and my joke, which is very deep, as well. Stopping at Foust's tavern, in the mountains. Peace to old George's ashes. He was a good old soul in his way, but I doubt the probability of his having become a very good angel. He sold "United States whiskey," and was superintendent of a Sunday-school. "We don't pray in our Sunday-school—readin' is just as good as prayin' for de leetle fellows." That was George's idea, in his own words. George was a patriot and a musician. His bass drum solos were unequaled, and at a military training he was in his element.

The old *Centre Democrat* was in its glory, and in the third story of Brockerhoff's row. Crosthwaite and Brown were proprietors and editors, and its motto, "Put none but Americans on guard," for those were the days of Know-nothingism.

The *Democratic Whig*, published by J. K. Shoemaker, and afterward by John T. Johnson, was the organ of the Whig party. The Democracy were without an organ for a while. The want was supplied in time by the starting of the *Democratic Watchman* by Hays and Forney.

Those were lively times, politically, and the public demonstrations—mass meetings and processions—long to be remembered. Grand arches spanned the streets, and flags, large enough to cover a town lot, suspended here and there. Grand stands were erected, and grand speeches were made by spread-eagle orators from a distance. The interest of these occasions was enlivened with "music by the band" and an occasional fight in the background.

The band spoken of was "no slouch" of a band. The B. B. B. in front of the beery-looking caps indicated that it was the Bellefonte brass band. Headquarters at Tripple's shop, and "band room" in the sky parlor of the Academy. Robotham, from Philadelphia, taught the young idea how to toot. Night after night unearthly sounds were extracted in detail from those horns, and finally all the toots were organized, and the combination formed a tune. I hear the old tune now, though the name I have forgotten long ago. Of course the first rendering of that tune was not perfection, and occasionally an "um-paw" would be behind time, or the bass-drum come in late, with demoralizing effect. In some tunes the cymbals would come to time prematurely, with a crash like a Chinese gong at a railway eating house. Good fellows were the members of that band, and in after years it became quite noted as a local musical organization. The high old times experienced by its members on concert tours, at country pic-nics, at political meetings, weddings, funerals and other lively places will never be forgotten by the participants. I would like to take each member by the hand again. But that will never be, for some have passed away, and the living are scattered far and wide. Green be the grass upon the graves of the dead.

I fear this letter may decrease in interest as it grows in length, and I defer until my next—if there be a next—what I had intended saying about the ministers of that day, dear old Father Linn and others; and about the introduction of steam, and about James A. Beaver, the Fencibles and many other persons and things, remembrances of which crowd upon my memory so that I seem to live the old days over again. JAY.

CHICAGO, March 15, 1878.

MILLHEIM.

SHORT SKETCH OF A BUSINESS TOWN.—ITS ADVANTAGES.—ITS BUSINESS PLACES.

Millheim is situated in the lower end of the fertile Pennsvalley, about twenty miles from Bellefonte, twenty from Howard, twenty from Milroy, twenty-two from Lock Haven, and twenty-two from Mifflinburg. The location therefore is central, the adjacent territory wealthy, the farms being among the best in Pennsylvania. Coal has been discovered a few miles distant, and the prospect for iron-ore is very encouraging; in fact, everything tends to prove in an unqualified sense that it is truly a

BUSINESS TOWN.

We have a railroad, thereby communication with the outside world, yet hardly the kind of communication Bellefonte, the county seat, desires us to have, Lewisburg being much more convenient than our own county seat. How would it please Bellefonte to have the wealthiest part of Centre annexed to Union, thus changing the political complexion of both counties? Mr. Tuten, *you* would like that! Millheim has a population of 576 census of '78; with Aaronsburg, Coburn Station and Centre Mills as suberbs. We expect to have it incorporated into a borough 'ere long, and we *intend* to have a branch railroad too; all the efforts of the *Centre Reporter* to the contrary. Allow us here to remark that it is very inexplicable, *i. e.* the course pursued by that paper in regard to Millheim's interests. We can well afford to invite capitalists to locate here on account of its unparalleled

ADVANTAGES.

Elk creek, a beautiful stream, flows through the town, affording abundant water power for almost any number of enterprises. A sufficient amount of wheat is raised in the vicinity to ensure no lack in the supply; said commodity always being of the very first order. Timber is also abundant, which is being extensively used in improvements mostly in the *South Ward*. In a few years Millheim will have enclosed in its friendly embrace all the smaller hamlets lying near. Land one mile from town is even now bringing good prices, and the demand seems to be on the increase. Our native carpenters are constantly employed, and, in case the improvements continue, we will be compelled to import a horde of wood-workers and joiners. Concerning churches, schools, &c., we are not behind the age. The prospects are very bright for a new church (Lutheran), and also a new school house, to contain four departments. The following gentlemen have built, or intend the coming summer, building: Judge Hartman, Constable Lamy (offices in Penn pay well), Miller Bros., G. W. Stover, J. C. Smith, J. W. Snook (2), Samuel Waliza, Moyer & Cummings, Sheriff Musser (store room), D. A. Musser, J. Maize, John Brant. Improvements: Mr. Henny, W. R. Weiser, Jno. Harter, Jac. Gephart. So, Mr. Editor, you see we are not asleep down here. If you are not now convinced, wait until next November, and we will make it so plain that a way-faring man, tho' a fool, may not err therein. But we must hasten; no doubt your space, *and our time*, are valuable; all we ask is a little more room to name our

BUSINESS PLACES.

The Millheim *Journal*, under the management of its *young* editor, Mr. D., is in a flourishing condition—it has a book store attached; Musser & Smith sell us hardware; Tomlinson, the young grocer, deals only in groceries; Messrs. Snook, Stam, Campbell, and Foote, from behind their various counters, invite consumers of dry goods, groceries, &c.; Jac. Eisenhath dispenses our drugs, (we expect a new store, in Snook's block); J. F. Chambers still oversees the Empire clothing hall; Jno. Kreamer (First National) and W. S. Musser (Millheim Hotel) take care of the traveling public; J. D. Foote and R. B. Hartman are our founders; Jno. B. Ford and T. Frank, tailors; harnessmakers there are four; shoemakers, five; tinners, two; blacksmiths, five; D. A. Musser, proprietor of two mills in town, is doing a heavy eastern trade; E. C.

Campbell, proprietor of King Mill, one of the neatest and best finished mills in Central Pennsylvania, has a large local custom; one bank; one cigar maker; one dentist; one large furniture ware room, Miller Bros.; one marble yard, and a great many other industries. But we must stop. To parties desirous of engaging in any kind of business, allow us to say, visit Millheim before you locate, and if we cannot suit you it will not be our fault. One word to you, Mr. Editor: we find the REPUBLICAN gaining favor every day. It is now eagerly read by many of our most conservative Democrats, and, we know, *with profit*.

P*.

School Reports.

UNIONVILLE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

For the term ending March 13, 1878, the following is a correct report:

Whole number of scholars in attendance, 38; average attendance, 26; per cent. of attendance, 83; number of visits from directors, parents and citizens, 80; number of addresses, 32; number of class merits received by scholars, 110, of which John Brugger merited 16 and Mary Bing 15. A report was granted to each scholar setting forth his progress, deportment, scholarship, &c. 100 being the highest grade given in all branches of study, was conferred upon Willie Fisher in his perfect report. Number of scholars present every day during term, 3 — Mary Bing, Cassie Brugger and Clara Taylor. Number of visits from directors, 27. Instruction was given in the following branches, viz: orthography, reading, modern geography, physical geography, mental and written arithmetic, natural philosophy, physiology, geometry, algebra, penmanship, grammar, bookkeeping, history and defining from the dictionary. Much application was given to the preparation of the many lessons by the scholars, who manifested unusual interest in all the school labor, which resulted in their improvement and advancement. May you, scholars, continue to store your mind with knowledge and reap its usefulness, is the trust and most ardent wish of your instructor, E. N. ROOT.

UNIONVILLE PRIMARY SCHOOL.

For primary school term ending same as above, the following is a report:

Number of pupils attending school, 56; number of males, 19; number of females, 37; average attendance during month, 54; average attendance of males, 19; of females, 35; per cent. of attendance during month, 97; per cent. of males, 100; females, 95; visits from directors, patrons and citizens, 50. Much credit is due the scholars for attendance and interest manifested during month. If the scholars continue to improve as they have the past two winter terms, at the time of leaving the common school they will be capable of filling well the various positions of life.

M. ELEANOR ROOT.

WASHINGTON.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, '78.

The *Star* has this to say of the Life Saving service and the determined effort being made at headquarters here to defeat Sargent's bill for transferring that institution to the custody of the Navy Dep't:

"The friends of the bill to transfer the Life Saving Service to the Navy Department have been examining the flood of petitions and memorials which have poured into Congress recently protesting against the proposed transfer. They say the documents are all alike, and have been sent out broadcast for the signatures of anybody and everybody. They also discovered some misstatements in the protest. For instance, the bill does not propose, as set forth, to man the life-saving stations with sailors from the Navy, but with experienced surfmen. It is also the intention of the bill that the men employed at the stations shall constitute a guard over all the property saved until relieved by custom-officers or other legalized persons. The friends of the measure will request merchants and shippers, marine insurance companies and the Board of Trade to take some action in the matter."

No explosive hurled among the Bourbons of the Democratic side of the House this session, has proved one-half as disastrous as the hand-grenade charged with the most deadly material from the rebel archives, and which was shied into their midst, the other day, by Willetts. I will except the nitro-glycerine bust-up of poor Polk's department which was rendered inevitable by the greed of Representative and Senatorial reformers who stuffed it so full of their Men Fridays that the rotten shell was rent asunder, precipitating the wrangling, wriggling mass of deadbeats, stool-pigeons, utility men, vagrants and tramps right into the centre of the reform camp. But in this case the sufficient warning had been given of the impending storm to enable the more prudent to get out their anchors to wind'ard, and in a measure to discount its most serious effects. But in the former instance it was like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. Reagan had just finished a most touching appeal for the payment of men who were shown by Willetts document to have already been paid, in full by Reagan himself. The effect was ridiculously dramatic. The tongue of reform cleaved to the roof of its mouth, every particle of superfluous wind was let out of Democracy by this cruel stab, and it shriveled up into an inconsequential atom like a collapsed balloon. Reagan appeared as though overcome with confusion by the unhappy *denouement*, as though convicted of wilful dishonesty intead of a very unreliable and altogether treacherous memory. Indeed these archives have become an avenging Nemesis, or a stalking-horse whose omnipresence seems a standing menace to the average Democratic leader.

The final disposal of the silver bill released the Congressional mind to deal with other problems of National import; and the award of the Fisheries Commission was one of the first to engage attention. Senator Blaine opened the opposition ball this week; and from the tone pervading the initial discussion a heavy opposition vote is expected against the appropriation wherewith to satisfy the award. Should it be found possible to substantiate the intimations of unjustifiable artifice and diplomatic *finesse* resorted to try England to compass the acceptance of Delfasse as third referee, the opposition may safely count on a strong popular backing.

Both sides of the prosecutions of the timber depredators also seem likely to become known through the discussions in Congress. But so far as I can learn, the President is generally commended for his veto of a bill designed to insure to thieves who have grown rich off their plunder, immunity from punishment. If Mr. Schurz has been guilty of oppression in some instances, his protestations that it was unintentional will be accepted by many not in sympathy with many features of the administration policy, because of the exceptional vigor with which the wealth thieves have been and are being pursued. Notwithstanding Jay Gould and others of the railroad lobbies, it now looks as though the Pacific Railroad companies would be forced to make provision for the payment of their indebtedness to Government, which, it is asserted, will amount to fully $120.000.000, on maturity of all the loans.

Beverly Douglass, according to those present, is the latest victim of whiskey guzzling to disgrace himself, his Virginia constituancy, and the House by his drunken antics Wednesday. Cox was in the chair and appreciating Douglass' condition refused to recognize him to deliver an incoherent harangue. This maddened him, but he was finally hustled into a cloak room and there kept under surveilance until more amendable to reason. Among the perils threatened by the return to power of Democracy is the ascendency of just such men as Douglass and the lately inebriated Democratic Senators on the night of the passage of the silver bill in the political and social firmament at Washington.

LEO.

Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." When the body becomes diseased, the mind is thereby necessarily influenced. National wars, State dissensions, neighborhood broils, and family differences, are more frequently than otherwise the result of diseased and disordered constitutions. When the body is suffering, the mind, acting in sympathy, will become irritated and perplexed. When the physical system is in health, the mind perceives things in their true light, and the disposition assumes a very different phase. Nothing more directly tends to destroy the happy, cheerful disposition of a woman, and render her peevish, nervous, and fretful, than a constant endurance of uterine disorders. The diseases peculiar to women take away the elasticity and buoyancy of health and reduce her body and mind to a mere wreck. Dr. Pierce's Favorite prescription is a *real peacemaker* in a family. No woman suffering from uterine disorders can *afford* to be without this remedy. The Favorite Prescription saves unnecessary doctor bills, prevents divorces, wards off suicides, brings back buoyant, joyous feelings, restores the woman to health and her family to happiness. It is seld by all druggists.

READING NOTICES.

Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.

Makes the skin Soft, Clear, Pure, White and Healthy! Is cleansing, deoderising, disinfecting, soothing, healing and purifying; removes dandruff, chafing, ulcers, sores, eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve Itching Piles where nothing else will have any effect; is free from all offensive odor, and prevents Contagious Diseases, and as an external medical and toilet preparation it has no equal. Price, 25 cts.; by mail, 35 cts. Box, 3 cakes, 60 cts.; by mail, 75 cts. Sold by druggists. E. S. WEBSTER, proprietor. Office, 50 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Wholesale Depot, N. Third St., Phila., Pa. 9 28eow-1y

A REMARKABLE RESULT.—It makes no difference how many Physicians, or how much medicine you have tried, it is now an established fact that German Syrup is the only remedy which has given complete satisfaction in severe cases of Lung Diseases. It is true there are yet thousands of persons who are predisposed to Throat and Lung Affections, Consumption, Hemorrhages, Asthma, Severe Colds settled on the Breast, Pneumonia, Whooping Cough, &c., who have no personal knowledge of Boschee's German Syrup. To such we would say that 50,000 dozen were sold last year without one complaint. Consumptives try just one bottle. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists in America. 9 26-1y eow

A GENTLE HINT.—In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature,—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day,—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your home for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10c.; regular size, 75c. 9 26-1yeow

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma; and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 126 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10w

New Advertisements.

CARPETS!

Carpets, Carpets,

AT GREATLY

REDUCED PRICES!

ASSORTMENT COMPLETE

AND

Larger than ever before offered.

CARPETS!
Carpets! Carpets!

—AT—

S. & A. LOEB'S,

ALLEGHENY STREET,

12tf BELLEFONTE, PA.

AUCTION SALE

OF

SIXTY NEW

Buggy Wagons,

ON THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1878,

At 11 o'clock, at

Harkness' Bazar,

Ninth & Sansom Sts., Philadelphia.

ALFRED M. HARKNESS & Co., Auctioneers.

AUCTIONEER'S CARD.—Philip Teats, who has had large experience as an auctioneer, offers his services to the people of Centre county. He speaks both German and English, and possesses the invaluable gift in an auctioneer of a loud, clear voice, and can be distinctly heard a long distance. Those having work of this kind to do will do well to give him a call. Charges moderate. Call on or address him at Bellefonte, Pa. 12-1year

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration have been granted to the undersigned, by the Register, on the estate of Esther Yothers. All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment, and all those having accounts against the same will present them for payment, properly authenticated.

W. B. TURNER,
12-6w* Union Township.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of JOSEPH McCLOSKEY, dec'd. Exceptions to the account of John and Nathan McCloskey, Executors.—The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Court, to hear and determine the exceptions to the account of John and Nathan McCloskey, Executors of, &c., of Joseph McCloskey, dec'd, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office, in Bellefonte, on THURSDAY, the 11th day of April, A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested may attend.

12-3w WILBUR F. REEDER, Auditor.

"Mrs. Jarley's Wax Work"

WILL be exhibited at the State College on the evening of the 27th instant, by the young Ladies of the College for the establishment of a Ladies' Reading Room. This is the only stupendous collection of real wax work in the world; all others being impostors and deceptions. Admission, twenty-five cents; reserved seats, thirty-five cents. Tickets will be sold at BLAIR'S JEWELRY STORE, where a plan of the hall can be seen. "Be in time, be in time, be in time!" 12-w

$125. A MONTH AND EXPENSES to Agents. Send stamp for terms. S. C. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

WHITE LEAD. Strictly Pure. SUYDAM, LAWRENCE & CO. PITTSBURGH, Pa.

White Lead, Red Lead, Colors, Putty, Linseed Oil, Oil Meal. 12-3m

ALL OUR productions are guaranteed PURE and of uniform quality. If not kept by your merchant, order direct.

THOMAS H. RHOADS,

is prepared to do

PAPER HANGING, PAINTING & GLAZING

at reasonable rates. Orders left at his residence on Lamb street, Bellefonte, Pa., will receive prompt attention.

☞Satisfaction guaranteed. 8-12-1y

$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address, W. H. CHIDESTER, 216 Fulton Street, New York. 6-6m

Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

A NEW AND DESIRABLE ASSORTMENT JUST ARRIVED, AND MARKED AT VERY LOW PRICES!

CALL AND EXAMINE THEM!

We invite attention to our LARGE STOCK of

WAMSUTTA, FRUIT OF THE LOOM,
WILLIAMSVILLE, GREAT FALLS,
LONSDALE, DWIGHT,

AND MANY OTHER KINDS OF

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins!

GROCERIES, VERY LOW!!

CANNED CORN from 12½ cts. a can. SYRUPS from 50 cts. a gallon.
TEAS from 40 cts. per lb. COFFEES from 20 cts. per lb.
SUGARS from 9 cts. per lb. SOAPS from 5 cts. a cake.

ANOTHER LARGE STOCK OF

EXTRA FINE MACKEREL,

LAKE HERRING AND CISCOES,

JUST ARRIVED.

In consequence of the very limited catch of good Mackerel, prices are higher this year than last; but call and examine our quality, prices, and WEIGHT of our packages before purchasing elsewhere.

We have very choice CODFISH, and extra prepared Codfish, at very reasonable rates.

Having purchased a very large lot of

PROCTOR & GAMBLE'S SOAPS

We offer them by the Box at a considerable reduction from old prices.

Gordon & Dillworth's Celebrated Preserves

IN GLASS JARS.

All kinds of canned FRUITS and VEGETABLES

of standard quality and weight.

Very fine LEMONS and ORANGES.

A NEW ASSORTMENT OF WHITEWASH BRUSHES.

A NEW & LARGE VARIETY OF TOILET SOAPS.

BRIGGS' GARDEN SEEDS.

SUGARS by the barrel; TEAS by the half chest and box, and all other GROCERIES in large purchases, at wholesale prices.

VALENTINES & CO.,

Nos. 4 & 5 Humes' Block,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Knox Fruit Farm and Nurseries,

AT YOUR DOOR.

THE GREATEST OFFER OF SEEDS, PLANTS AND FLOWERS EVER MADE.

☞Catalogue and list of great offers free. Send for it.

12-4w GRIMES & CARROW Pittsburgh, Pa.

St. Louis and San Francisco Railway

LANDS FOR SALE!

1,000,000 ACRES in Southwest Missouri from $2.50 to $8.00 an acre. First-class stock and agricultural lands. The best tobacco region in the West. Fine fruit, no grasshoppers, abundance of good water, short winters, convenient markets, good schools, low taxes, healthful country, and good society. Seven years' credit. Free transportation from St. Louis to those who purchase land. Send for circular and other information. Address, W. H. Coffin, Land Commissioner, Temple Building, St. Louis Missouri. 12 4t

☞SEND US☜

Your Name and Address,

and in return we will send you, *Free of Charge, Postage Paid*, a copy of our

BEAUTIFUL BOOK OF POEMS,

Entitled

"Moses, the Great Law-Giver,"

a collection of Poems illustrating the Life of Moses, being selections from Mrs. Hemans, W. Cullen Bryant, and other celebrated authors. Beautifully illustrated.

On receipt of Twenty-five Cents

to pay expense of mailing, &c., we will send you a *Choice Pair* of Engravings, after the old Masters. Address,

NATIONAL BUREAU OF ENGRAVING,
512 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

$50 **For a CASE of CATARRH That Sanford's Radical Cure** for Catarrh will not instantly relieve and speedily cure. References, Henry Wells, Esq., Wells, Fargo & Co., Aurora, N. Y. Wm. Bowen, Esq., McHatton, Grant & Bowen, St. Louis. Testimonials and treatise by mail. Price, with improved Inhaler, $1. Sold everywhere. WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass. 10 12 4t

$50

Iron City College.

The most complete business college in the United States. Course of study comprehensive, thorough and eminently practical. Students received at any time.

☞For circulars address,

J. C. SMITH, A. M., PRINCIPAL,
10 4t Pittsburgh, Pa.

BELLEFONTE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the stockholders will be held on Monday April 1, 1878, at 7½ o'clock P. M., at the rooms of the Association; and on the same evening an election will be held for seven directors to serve the ensuing year. JACOB V. THOMAS, Secretary.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 11, 1878. 11-3t

PAINTERS.

DOAK & LONBERGER,

Painters, Paper Hangers and Kalsominers, will attend promptly to all orders in their line of business, addressed to them by mail or left at the REPUBLICAN office. 9 28-1y

MOSES THOMPSON, JOHN I. THOMPSON
WM. THOMPSON, JR.

JOHN I. THOMPSON & CO.
DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

LEMONT, CENTRE CO., PA.

v6n1-1y

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

DURING

FEBRUARY & MARCH

WE WILL SELL A

Star Parlor Organ

WITH UPRIGHT WALNUT CASE, CARVED LIDS, CARVED BRACKETS, VENERED PANELS, ARTISTIC WORKMANSHIP, HAVING 12 STOPS TWO 5-OCTAVE SETS OF REEDS, AND ONE 3-OCTAVE SET.

LIST PRICE - $275.00.

Reduced Price $85,00.

Deposit the purchase money with your bank or responsible business man AND SEND FOR THE ORGAN.

Pay freight and examine it ten days. If it satisfies you the deposit is ours; if you are not entirely satisfied, return the Organ to the railroad station and get your freight, go the bank or business man and get your money. You have not lost a penny and have run no risk.

WE FULLY WARRANT FOR

FIVE YEARS.

We are the bona fide manufacturers, having large factories in WASHINGTON, N. J., driven by steam.

We are the only advertisers from this place who make any part of an Organ.

FOR CASH WITH THE ORDER WE WILL DISCOUNT TEN DOLLARS FROM THE ABOVE PRICE.

Address,

ALLEGER, BOWLEY & CO.,

10-9 tf Washington, N. J

New Advertisements.

A FIRST-CLASS

Business Chance!

Hardware, Tinware & Stove Store

FOR SALE!

Located at Spring Mills, Centre Co., Pa.

The terminus of the Lewisburg and Spruce Creek Railroad is now a good stand, and will be one of the best in the State this year and in the future. The tin shop alone will and does pay well, as there are none nearer than Millheim and Centre Hall, both about six miles off. We can convince any parties wishing to buy that it is a good business point. Will sell Store Room and contents at

First Cost!

Our reasons for selling are that one of us expect to be away a greater part of this summer, in the Water and Steam Governor business, in which we have lately become largely interested, and our business in the Bellefonte store requiring all our attention.

This is a good chance for any one desiring this line of business.

For particulars inquire of the below mentioned firm at their place of business in Bellefonte.

T. A. HICKS & BRO.

10 7 tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Lydia Ann Rupert, dec'd, late of Liberty twp., Centre Co., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

11-4t W. H. FEARON, Administrator.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—ESTATE OF P. Benner Wilson.—Letters testimentary upon the estate of Philip Benner Wilson, late of Bellefonte, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

W. P. WILSON,
ISAAC MITCHELL.
11-3t Executors.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the assignment of Ira C. Johnson, No. 127, January Term, 1879. In the Common Pleas of Centre County.

The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Court to make distribution of the funds remaining in the hands of D. Z. Kline, assignee, among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, Pa., on Tuesday, the 26th day of March, A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where all parties interested will attend and represent their claims.

WILBUR F. REEDER,
10 3t Auditor.

TEMPERANCE ORCHESTRA.

THE above organization can be engaged to play for churches, Sunday schools, social entertainments, temperance organizations, festivals, &c., at very reasonable rates, by applying by letter or in person to the leader.

E. A SMITH, Leader.
No 7, Humes' Block. 7-tf

FARM FOR SALE.—We offer for sale a farm in Marion township, containing three hundred and eighty-eight acres, about fifty acres cleared, a good house and barn, wash house and other necessary buildings on the place, also good water and a large assortment of fine fruit trees. This is a good opportunity for anyone wanting a good home. Terms to suit purchaser. Price $3,500. Apply to

EDWARD T. TUTEN,
10 9-tf REPUBLICAN office.
Bellefonte, Feb. 23, 1878.

GOLD.	Mines and Lands.	COAL.
Gold	*Mines and Lands*	*Coal*
Silver	*Sold,*	*Oil*
Lead	*Companies Organized,*	*Stone*
Iron	*Mining Agency,*	*Copper*
Marble	206 S. Seventh Street,	*Lime*
Coal	PHILADELPHIA.	*Mica*
Marl	*A. H. Wyman & Co.*	*Gypsum*

How When Where **TO BUY A FARM**

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE

A. H. WYMAN & CO.

No. 206 South Seventh Street, PHILADELPHIA.

10 4t

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS

—OF—

LORILLARD **TOBACCO**

The great celebrity of our **Tin Tag Tobacco** has caused many imitations thereof to be placed on the market, we therefore caution all Chewers against purchasing such imitations.

All dealers buying or selling other plug tobacco bearing a hard or metallic label, render themselves liable to the penalty of the Law, and all persons violating our trade marks are punishable by fine and imprisonment. **See Act of Congress, Aug. 14th, 1876.**

The genuine **Lorillard Tin Tag Tobacco** can be distinguished by a **Tin Tag** on each lump with the word **Lorillard** stamped thereon.

Over **7,088** tons of tobacco sold in **1877**, and nearly **3,000** persons employed in factories.

Taxes paid Government in 1877 about **$3,500,000**, and during the past **12** years, over **$20,000,000**.

These goods sold by all jobbers at manufacturers' rates.

☞The Tin Tag Smoking Tobacco is "second to none" in aroma, mildness, purity and quality. 10 3m

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the growth of the nations of modern Europe, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

It contains **672** fine historical engravings, and **1260** large double column pages, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address,

NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
11-4t Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOK 33 newest and most popular songs, with writings of instruction and amusement; also a list of all the battles, when and where fought, during the war, for 3c stamp. Address, Durrand & Co., 915 Race street, Philadelphia. 10 4t

5000 Agents wanted to subscribe for the Agents Journal, a handsomely bound, 24-page journal, brim full of interest to agents. Specimen copy sent free. 10 4t AGENTS' JOURNAL, N. Y.

The Bellefonte Republican

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Farm and Fireside.

Hot-Beds.

Perhaps there is no item of convenience to a farmer's garden that is so imperfectly understood by farmers, and which is in itself so useful when properly managed, as that of an ordinary hot-bed. Some persons make a moveable frame of boards, 18 inches high in front, 24 inches high in the back, 4 to 6 feet in width, and of any length to suit. This frame is placed on fresh horse manure, two feet deep and well trod or tramped to make it as solid or compact as possible, after which the soil, fine dirt or leaf mold, is placed in the frame.

This method may be considered convenient, but we prefer a more permanent fixture. The best plan is to select a site with a southern exposure. Here dig a pit from 4 to 6 feet wide to the required length, 6, 8 or 12 feet, and 2 feet deep. Side up with rough boards plumb and square at the corners, the back 1 foot and the front 4 to 6 inches above ground. The sash should be of sufficient length to reach across the bed, with no cross pieces in it, and glazed with 6x8 glass so that the water will run off. Covers, same size of the sash, should be made of half-inch boards cleated, with which to cover during the night time. One precaution is to protect the bed from dogs jumping on it, which often cause great annoyance by breaking glass. Glass 6x8 is preferable, as it is cheaper to repair breakage.

The next step is to prepare the manure in a proper manner and at the proper time. The manure required is fresh horse dung which should be mixed with about its bulk in leaves from the woods, piled in alternate layers in a conical heap. It should remain in this position until it begins to heat—which will be readily known by the escape of heat or steam—when it should be spread out. After cooling off, it should be heaped in conical shape a second time, and will begin to ferment within three days, when it may be placed in the pit of the hot-bed to the required depth of about two feet, and should be of uniform depth and solidity. At this juncture many spoil their hot-beds by placing the soil or leaf mold in the bed at once. This is a mistake. When the manure shall have been properly put in the bed, put on the sash, (and here the benefit of a thermometer is realized), and keep closed until the temperature rises to the highest, which is about 100 degrees. Beginners are apt to be impatient about sowing hot-beds, and impatient people should never try it, as by planting or sowing the seed before the hot-bed is ready the excessive heat will cause the seed to rot.

As soon as the heat recedes to 90 degrees, the leaf mold, fine garden soil or other proper material should be placed in the bed 7 or 8 inches deep. The soil should be previously prepared, one-third well rotted manure and two-thirds good loam or leaf mold. This should be done carefully and made level on the surface, or the frequent waterings will cause the earth to wash. This done, the next thing is to plant the seed, which can be done according to space. Make shallow rows, plant the seed, cover up and press a board on them to firm the earth. Water every evening with tepid water from a rose watering pot. The first thing in the morning is to take the board covers off. When the mercury rises to 85 degrees give air by sliding the sash up or down as suits convenience, being careful not to give too much air if the weather is cold and frosty. During the time of warm rains remove the sash entirely.

In this climate hot-beds can be made from the 1st to the 10th of April and planted from 10th to 15th of same month. We have raised fine and productive tomato (Trophy) plants in five weeks from planting seed, which yielded fruit one week later than those started in the house in February and transplanted. One of the great secrets in raising plants in a hot-bed is to plant the seed at a proper time and have the plants grow vigorously, which must be learned by theory and practice combined.

I send for the benefit of the readers of your paper a sure and safe remedy for killing lice on animals. A month ago I bought a colt, and after getting him home I found that he was infested with lice. I did not like to apply the various solutions and powders used to destroy lice—it being winter. I recollected that when a boy in England I had seen a gardner fumigate house plants with his pipe and tobacco, to kill lice. I procured from a bee keeper here the instrument that he smokes bees with. It is a tin box, holding about an ounce of tobacco, with a nozzle or pipe at each end; one end permanent, the other end to screw on; fill it with tobacco, set fire to it, and blow the smoke into the hair thoroughly all over the animal. Three such pipes full will fumigate any animal, with sure death to the lice.—*Country Gentleman.*

Vegetable Seeds—How, When and Where to Sow.

EXTRACT FROM "GARDENING FOR PROFIT," BY PETER HENDERSON.

As seed-sowing is the starting point of cropping, a thorough knowledge of the conditions necessary for the germination of the different varieties will go far towards putting the tyro in gardening well on the way to success. The very general want of knowledge in this matter is to often the cause of much undeserved censure upon the seedsman, for in nine cases out of ten the failure is not with the seeds, but results from the *time* or manner of planting. When the owner of a garden sends his order for seeds to the seedsman it is generally a complete list of what he wants for the season. They are received, and the interesting operation of sowing is begun; first in a hot-bed, if he has one, often as early as the first week in February (a month too soon, by the way), and in go, indiscriminately, at the same time, and under the same sash, his seeds of cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce and egg-plant, peppers and tomatoes. Yet even in the waning heat of this early hot-bed, where a thermometer would possibly not indicate more than fifty degrees, he finds in a week or so his cabbage, lettuce and cauliflower "coming through" nicely, but as yet no egg-plants, peppers or tomatoes. He impatiently waits another week, makes an examination, and discovers that instead of his tomatoes and egg-plants beginning to vegetate shey are commencing to rot. It is now plain to him that he has been cheated; he has been sold old seed, and if he does nothing worse, he forever after looks upon the seedsman he has patronized as a venal wretch, destitute of principle and honesty. But he must have tomatoes, peppers and egg-plants, and he buys again from another seedsman, warranted honest. He renews his hot-bed; it is now a month later, and a bright March sun, with milder nights, gives him the proper temperature in the hot-bed—70 or 80 degrees—and his eyes are again gladdened by the sprouting of the troublesome seed. April comes, with warm sunshine, inviting him to begin to "make garden" outside. He has yet the balance of the original lot of seeds that he bought in February. But as he is still entirely befogged about the cause of his failure in the first hot-bed, he begins to open ground operations with but little confidence in his seeds. But as he has got them, they may as well be tried; and again he sows in the same way his peas and lima beans, radishes and pumpkins, onions and sweet corn. Hardy and tender get the same treatment. The result must, of necessity, be the same as it was in the hot-bed—the hardy seeds duly vegetate, while the tender are, of course, rotted. This time he is not surprised, for he is already convinced that seedsman No. 1 is a rascal, and only wonders how any of his seeds grow at all, so he again orders from seedsman No. 2 for the articles that have failed. Here circumstances continue to favor the latter, for by this time the season has advanced in its temperature, and the seeds duly vegetate. Every farmer knows that in this latitude he can sow oats or wheat in March or April, but that if he sows his corn or pumpkins at the same time they will perish. This he knows, but he may not know that what is true of the crops of the farm is equally true of the garden. Hence the importance of a knowledge of the season when to sow vegetable seeds, or set out plants. The temperature best fitted for the germination of seeds of the leading kinds will be best understood by the tabular form given below:

*Vegetable seeds that may be sown in this latitude, from the middle of March to the end of April, thermometer in the shade averaging 45 degrees.

Beets,	Lettuce,
Carrot,	Parsley,
Cress,	Parsnip,
Celery,	Onions,
Cabbage,	Peas,
Cauliflower,	Radish,
Endive,	Turnip,
Kale,	Spinach.

Vegetable seeds that may be sown in the open ground in this latitude, from the middle of May to the middle of June, thermometer in the shade averaging 60 degrees.

Lima Beans,	Water Melon,
Bush Beans,	Okra,
Pole Beans,	Pumpkins,
Sweet Corn,	Tomato,
Cucumber,	Squash,
Musk Melon,	Nasturtium.

[*Vicinity of New York, which is about one degree south of our town. —ED. REPUBLICAN.

CELERY.—Many small gardners prefer purchasing celery plants to raising them, but the most advisable plan is to raise them, as to start properly is "half the battle." The seed should be sown in shallow boxes in a warm, sunny window or hot-bed, and when the plants are two or three inches high transplant to a cold frame, where they can be slightly shaded and watered. Celery plants not transplanted, or to speak technically, pricked off, are vastly inferior. When performing the latter operation, pinch away the tip of the tap-root, and trim back the leaves. Use the Boston-market variety; it is hard to excel.

Feeding for Eggs.

For the production of eggs the food should contain an ample supply of those ingredients that make up the egg. An average egg weighs about 1,000 grains, divided as follows: Shell, 107; white, 604, of yolk, 289. The shell is composed 97 per centum carbonate of lime, one percentum phosphate of lime and magnesia, and two per centum albumen; the yolk of 54 per centum water, 28.6 per centum yellow oil, and 17.4 per centum albumen; and the white, 85 per centum water, 2.7 per centum mucus, 0.3 per centum salts and 12 per centum albumen. Therefore a food containing albuminoids and fat should be employed. The natural food of the fowl consists of insects, seeds, vegetable matter, etc. Therefore there should be a variety of grains, animal matter in the form of scraps of meat, etc., or pressed scraps, chopped cabbage, apples, etc., or, as has been practiced, finely cut and steamed clover hay. There should be great variety at all times, and Indian meal scalded and well seasoned with pepper, or chopped horseradish will be very effective. A recent writer prescribed scalded Indian meal made into a mush, which was cooked an hour or two and then fed hot with horseradish. It was recommended to cook food of all kinds and feed hot. This might be well as a stimulant, but corn meal must be combined with animal food to produce eggs. A supply of powdered shells or bone should be provided, not only to aid digestion but furnish egg-shell material. A correspondent of the Plymouth *Chronicle* mixed hog's lard with the dough he gave his hens, and asserts that a piece as large as a hickory nut will set a hen to laying immediately after she is broken up from sitting; and that by feeding a little occasionally hens may be made to lay all winter.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Table Fowls.

Will C. B. or some one else who enjoys a well-flavored fowl, and who has had opportunities to test the matter, please inform me which is the best breed for service on the table? I wish something that will be juicy and toothsome at an early age as a broiler, and not objectionable at two years old as a roast as flavoring for a pot of soup. Egg producing qualifications no objection, but my first and principal object is something "good to eat." I do not like Brahmas; they do not, in my experience, become plump until nearly full grown, and consequently do not make nice broilers, and they have feathers on their legs, which I do not fancy. I have not at present, facilities for keeping more than one variety. UBER. —[While awaiting replies from fanciers who have critical tastes, we are free to say that the best fowl we have ever eaten is the Crevecœur, and it is, we believe so considered in the Paris markets. The next best, and the one best suited to ordinary farm care, is the Houdan, also a French breed. The young birds are very rapid in growth, and are never bare of feathers, thus being able to withstand ordinary exposure without losing in thrift. When well fed, they have always been plump at all ages.]

Vegetation in the Manure of One Horse.

The amount of manure furnished annually from a horse must vary with the quality of the food, the amount of food, the litter used, and especially according to the time the horse is from the stable. Block estimates that 100 lbs. of hay furnishes 172 lbs. of fresh dung, 100 lbs. of oats gave 204 lbs., and 100 lbs. of grass gave 43 lbs. fresh dung. Morton estimates that a horse furnishes annually 12,000 lbs. of solid excrement and 3,000 lbs. urine. In Boussingault's experiment about 17 lbs. of hay and 5 lbs. of oats furnished 35.4 lbs. of fresh excrement. The manure from the street-car stables of New York was found by Johnson to contain 0.22 per cent. of nitrogen as volatile ammonia salts, 0.04 per cent. as fixed ammonia salts, and 0.27 per cent. in other combinations, making total nitrogen 0.53 per cent. These horses were fed with oats, corn-meal and cut hay in nearly equal proportions. Accepting the calculations of Boussingault and Johnson, and putting them together for the sake of an estimate, and reckoning that two-thirds of the droppings are saved—we have 10,000 pounds as the annual amount of manure from a horse, containing 53 pounds of nitrogen. The nitrogen of stable manure is worth about 15 cents per pound; which gives a value to the nitrogen of $7.95.—*Scientific Farmer.*

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, speaking of the shiftless method of farming in the West, says: It is the unsurpassed fertility of our soil that leads to all this. It needs no manure for its first crops, and the few years in which it produces well without it are just sufficient time for farmers to acquire lazy, improvident habits about taking care of their manure. It is a common thing to hear them ridicule Eastern folks about their economy in saving, composting, and applying their manure to their lands. Another trouble is, there are too many producing corn, and the supply seems to be greater than the demand in about five years out of six. Every farmer here is expecting to make money to pay his taxes, improve his farm and pay the accumulated debts of years, by growing on half worn-out soil foul with cockle burrs, twenty and twenty-five cent corn.

Is a colored postmaster a black-mailer?

Common Sense Hospitality.

Genuine hospitality is twice blessed; it blesses him that gives and him that receives; but the greater blessing is to the giver, for it is a universal principle that he who makes others happy receives a double blessing. It was therefore a rich legacy that a countryman, famous for the old style of entertaining his friends, gave as a dying request to the heir of his estate: "My son, keep up the hospitality of the house." A genuine, hearty welcome, after the style of that venerable patriarch, gives to potluck and pumpkin pie a zest which, without it, roast beef and plum pudding can never possess. As Solomon puts it: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." It is not necessary that hatred should accompany the stalled ox to make the dinner inferior to one of herbs. A cold indifference produces the same effect. We can't live without eating, but we can eat at home. When we visit, the chief end is a flow of soul, an interchange of thought, and a bubbling up of good humor and all kindly affections. When the lady of the house has to give all her time to cooking and dispensing food, she not only loses all the pleasure of social intercourse, but takes upon herself a burden grievous to be borne. If this is her highest idea of hospitality, we cannot blame her for regarding her guests with coldness. Don't put yourself out of the way and make a great bluster on the arrival of guests. If they come unexpectedly, and you have on working apparel, it is a great deal better to welcome them as you are, than to keep them waiting in the parlor while you change your dress; and if you have pork and beans for dinner, your guests will be much better pleased to be served with them than to have you kill some chickens, or send to market for beef steak. If they are true gentlemen and ladies they don't wish to make their host extra trouble. In enjoying the hospitality of friends, nothing save the want of a welcome detracts more from our pleasure than to have them make an entire change of their arrangements on our account. We remember no dinner in our life with more pleasure than one of bread and milk and baked apples at the house of a farmer friend. Then we had been on a long tramp, and had an appetite that would be sauce for almost any kind of food, but the simplicity, neatness, and civility with which this dinner was served up to us by the fair daughters of the farmer made a more favorable impression than any sumptuous repast has ever made since. On this point we must quote from a French author to show what the most polite of nations thinks of an excessive attention to guests: "The Americans are a people who pour out themselves like water; they waste themselves in violent attempts to be courteous. They heap their civilities upon a man until his back is well-nigh broken with the burden. To make a man happy they fling their efforts at his head like paving stones."

If the heart of the host is so big that he can't help doing a great deal for his guest, he can at least do it without ostentation. To make a great parade, and tell how much we are doing for our friends is an indication of more pride than hospitality. The stranger within our gates must feel uncomfortable if he knows that he is making trouble. Ostentatious hospitality is but one degree above churlish neglect of friends. Do not ape a style above your position and circumstances. Above all things let your hospitality be open-handed. Keep no debtor and creditor account. Do not expect dinner for dinner, and lodging for lodging. Such hospitality belongs to business, not friendship. A guest may and should be grateful, but gratitude and a sense of debt are two different things. The one is pleasurable, the other is oppressive. If we expect rations for rations from our guests, we do not treat them as well as we do tramps, and cannot be said to be hospitable.—*Farmers' Friend.*

About the Size of It.

The entire mass of tobacco which is annually consumed in smoking, snuffing and chewing on earth, is 4,000,000,000 pounds—manifestly too high an estimate for from 1,200,000,000 to 1,500,000,000 of inhabitants. Let us take the half as the more probable, and let us suppose the tobacco leaves transformed into roll tobacco, a tobacco serpent is created, which, with a diameter of two inches, and following the direction of the equator, could wind itself around the earth thirty times. Let us suppose that the tobacco is formed into fablets similar to the chocolate tablets, and which, indeed, is the shape which the chewing tobacco of sailors and Yankees takes, and we have a colossal pile worthy of being placed beside the largest of the pyramids of Gizeh, that of the Mykerinos, and as massive and high as that old regal edifice. Let us grind all the tobacco into snuff, and let us picture to ourselves the sad case that an evil equinoctial wind, one fine morning, blows the snuff over the ocean, and showers it on one of our German States. We are certain more than one of the Liliputian States would have much difficulty in recovering its existence by shoveling away the snuff.—[Cope's Tobacco Plant.

A young Jerseyman, traveling on the Camden and Amboy, made himself somewhat over attentive to a young lady who sat in the seat with him. When the train reached a certain locality, he leaned towards his fair companion and, pointing out of the window, said: "These are the Jersey Flats." Her reply squelched him, "Oh, there are more than one of you, then?"

Western Emigration South.

The emigration of farmers from Indiana, Illinois and Iowa to Texas and Mississippi is much greater than people have any idea of. The colony plan seems to prevail. In some places there are regular emigration associations, and even "district committees." What the effect will be on the future of the South cannot be foreseen, but it must necessarily have an influence on shaping the future. Even Louisiana is making a bid for a share of this human wealth.

Schemes for national aid to make our great American deserts fertile are abundant, but while we have so many millions of good land uncultivated, and millions more half cultivated, we can afford to let these barren spots take care of themselves. It is well enough to know what can be done with this ground, but while we have so much else to do with our money we can afford to let the future take care of itself.—*Press.*

A correspondent of the Iowa *Homestead* gives his method of starting tomato plants. He makes a wooden box two feet long, six inches wide and six inches deep. In this he sets 36 paper boxes, two inches square on top and six inches deep—without top or bottom. The boxes are made from pieces of strong paper, ten inches long and six inches wide. Unfold these and pin the two ends flatly together. Nearly fill these boxes with fine rich soil, and drop a half dozen seed in each. The large box can be put on a window sill or whatever is convenient. When plants are well started cut down to one in each box, and when the weather will admit, transplant to the open ground, wetting the soil in the boxes so they can be handled without dropping the soil. Leave the tops of the boxes an inch above the surface, to protect the young plants from cut-worms.

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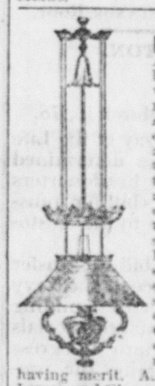

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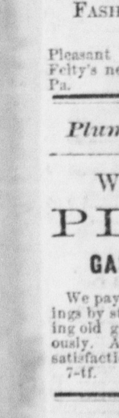

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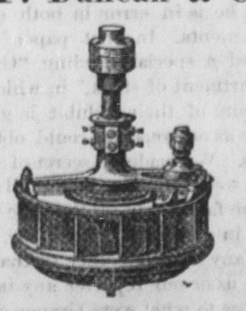

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Heavy Forgings, Bolts, Nuts, &c.

at greatly reduced rates. The

FOUNDRY DEPARTMENT

will be kept fully stocked with wagon spindles and stove grates. New castings of all kinds.

McCLELLAN & SPEER,

8 13ly Bellefonte, Pa.

Confectionery.

CANDY MANUFACTORY AND BAKERY.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

—AT THE—

Bishop Street Bakery,

is now making the very best BREAD, CAKES AND PIES in Bellefonte.

Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTEE DEPOT.

An excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me

8 32-1y ALBERT KAUTH.

Miscellaneous.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

Having discovered, in a manner which might be considered almost providential, a positive cure for Consumption and all lung complaints, I feel it my duty to make it known in a practical manner by furnishing a sample bottle, free of charge, to all sufferers, my only hope of remuneration being that the medicine will perform all I claim for it. The ingredients are of the choicest herbal products and perfectly safe. Will be sent FREE TO ALL. Address at once, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.; or may be had of C. H. EBER & BRO., Druggists, Milesburg, Pa. 9-11

Kingsford's

Oswego Starch

Is the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL in the world.

Is perfectly PURE—free from acids and other foreign substances that injure linen.

Is STRONGER than any other—requiring much less quantity in using.

Is UNIFORM—stiffens and finishes work always the same. 9-20-tf

Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch

Is the most delicious of all preparations for

PUDDINGS, BLANC-MANGE, CAKE, ETC

Bush House.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS!

—THE—

BUSH HOUSE!

BELLEFORTE, PA.,

has been thoroughly renovated and repaired, and under the management of the new proprietor, MR. F. D. McCOLLUM, formerly of Pittsburgh, is first-class in all its appointments.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

Are offered to those in attendance at COURT, and others remaining in town for a few days at a time.

The Largest and most Superbly Designed Hotel in Central Pennsylvania.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. GO TRY THE BUSH HOUSE.

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Wilson & McFarlane--Hardware.

STOVES, RANGES,

—AND—

HARDWARE,

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

WILSON & McFARLANE

ARE SELLING ALL KINDS OF

Double & Single Parlor Heaters,

COOK STOVES AND RANGES,

LOWER THAN THEY WERE EVER SOLD BEFORE. ALL KINDS OF

HARDWARE, PAINTS,

Oils, Varnishes, Glass, &c.,

ARE SOLD VERY LOW. They are the only party in this County selling the celebrated

ARMSTRONG'S McKELVY'S PURE WHITE LEAD.

GUARANTEED STRICTLY PURE AND BETTER THAN ANY LEAD IN THE MARKET.

It will pay one double to buy at the new Hardware Store, Humes' Block, Allegheny-street, Bellefonte, Pa.

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Miscellaneous.

ESTABLISHED 1865

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Officers, soldiers and sailors of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp to Gilmore & Co., and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

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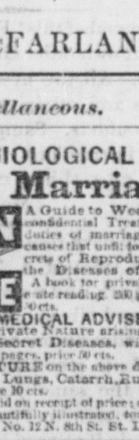
50 Visiting Cards, with your name finely printed, and two Parlor Pictures (Fruit and Landscape) printed in 10 colors each, the lot sent post-paid for 25 cents. Postage stamps taken as money. KURTZ & BROTHER, S. E. cor. 5th & Chestnut Sts., Phila. 9-29-1y

Miscellaneous.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL

View of Marriage!



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On all disorders of a Private Nature arising from Self Abuse, Excesses, or Secret Diseases, with the best means of cure. 224 large pages, price 50 cts.

A CLINICAL LECTURE on the above diseases and those of the Throat and Lungs, Catarrh, Rupture, the Opium Habit, &c., price 10 cts.

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Dr. A. G. OLIN'S Private Hospital 137 East Washington St. Chicago, Ills. for the cure of all Diseases of a Private nature, resulting from early abuses or infection of either Sex. Seminal Weakness producing Emissions, Loss of Memory, Impaired Sight, Lost Manhood or Impotency, Nervous Debility, permanently cured; disease of the Bladder, Kidneys, Urer, Lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Piles, all Chronic Diseases, and DISEASES OF FEMALES, yield to its treatment. Dr. Olin has had a life-long experience, and cures where others fail. He is a graduate of the Reformed School, uses no mercury, has the largest practice in the U. S. LADIES requiring treatment with private home and board, call or write. Every convenience for patients. Send fifty cents for sample of Rubber Goods and circular of important information by express. DR. OLIN'S Female Pills, $5 per Box. Consultation free.

MARRIAGE GUIDE 275 pages. Secrets & information for the young and middle aged of both Sexes, on all diseases of a private nature. Valuable advice to the married and those contemplating marriage. How to be healthy and truly happy in the married relation. Everybody should get this book. Price 50 cents, to any address, sealed.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE TERRITORY FOR DR. EGLE'S GREAT WORK, THE NEW ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF

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The grandest selling book for the Pennsylvania field. Liberal terms to Agents. Send $2.00 at once for complete outfit, or 10 cents for our 64-page sample, and name territory wanted. Address D. C. Goodrich, Publisher, Harrisburg, Pa. 11-3m

Don't fail to say what paper you saw this in.

The Bellefonte Republican

BELLEFONTE, PA.

PUBLISHED EVERY
WEDNESDAY MORNING
AT BELLEFONTE, PA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

Local Department.

Brummell's at Green's.

Best five cent cigars in town at Welch's.

Two cakes good toilet soap for five cents at Welch's.

Motto frames, with glass and backs complete, 25 and 35 cents each at Welch's.

Hicks & Bro. have just received the largest and finest assortment of fishing tackle in town.

The best white shirt in the State for one dollar, at Newman's Eagle Clothing Hall. 12-tf

Is it not a paradox that the result of a crooked still should be a whiskey straight.

Newman, at the Eagle Clothing Hall, has has a fine line of spring goods, but will start next Saturday for a new supply.

We are glad to know that there is a somewhat elderly gentleman, who resides on Allegheny street, most exquisitely delighted with the idea of a young baby to nurse. Good-bye, domino!

A one-legged Pittsburgh man has been arrested for kicking a man for insulting a woman with whom he was walking. Wonder what he stood on.—*Exchange.* On his dignity, probably.

A college professor is writing a book entitled, "How to find the Stars." But it is not necessary to read this book to learn how to find 'em. Just step out on the pavement and try to balance yourself on a banana peel.

We have heard that there have been some threats made of hanging Keichline, the borough tax collector, to a lamp post. Now we say, don't do it; he does very well as a tax collector, but would be no kind of use as an ornament for a lamp post.

It has been proven, beyond a doubt, that Newman, at the Eagle Clothing Hall, sells better goods for less money than can be bought anywhere else in Central Pennsylvania. His good ready-made are far superior to cheap custom made. Such are facts. 12-tf

Great reduction in Italian marble grave stones at Heisler's Bellefonte Marble Works. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as he has the largest stock in Central Pennsylvania, and is offering at greatly reduced rates from former prices.

Remember this! Fine clothing made to your own order cheaper than ready-made. All the new spring styles of cloths and cassimeres now ready on our counters. Samples sent by mail, with instructions for measurement. Hats, caps, shirts, etc. in abundance.
MONTGOMERY & Co.

They have resumed specie payment at the store of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, and now pay out in change gold and silver. Would it not be a good advertisement for some of our Bellefonte merchants if they would adopt the same plan. The price of gold is now so low that they could easily do it at very little expense.

The sudden and somewhat mysterious death of Mrs. Ettele, who resided on Bishop street, in our town, has led to a partial investigation into the cause and the arrest of a man by the name of Woodhouse, who, it is alleged was her paramour, and Dr. Thos. Rothrock of Eagleville, both of whom were lodged in jail on Saturday. As the matter will undergo a thorough judicial investigation, we forbear further comments for the present.

We have noticed General Beaver and Adolph Loeb, Esq., traveling back and forth to the car shops very frequently, during the past fortnight, which excited our curiosity enough to make inquiry as to their business, when we were pleased to learn that they are starting the Reliance Works to manufacture the Branson knitting machines. Mr. Branson is also here, and Mr. Henry Brinton, a former employe, who is now engaged to superintend the shop. Mr. Brinton is a very clever gentleman and a competent workman. We take pleasure in commending the act of the new company is his employment, and we congratulate Mr. Brinton on his merited promotion.

The Taxes must be Collected.

No doubt many of our citizens have lately noticed the great number of collector sale notices which have been posted on tree-boxes and other prominent places, and in connection therewith we have heard a great deal of comment by many men who themselves pay large taxes, and pay them promptly, and who have had their sympathies excited by this evidence of what they were pleased to term undue haste on the part of the vigilant tax collector. But do these ready grumblers stop to consider that they are giving aid and encouragement to a class of men who never, as a rule, calculate to pay the tax collector, the merchant or anybody else, if they can help it? It is all very well to say it is too bad to push a poor devil such times as these, but if these men would take the trouble to examine into the matter closely they will find that these poor fellows are always unable to pay, whether times are good or bad. There may be, and no doubt are, some exceptions, but this is the general rule. Now, what are our tax collectors to do? They must either lose these taxes or take the means they are taking to collect them. Since Mr. Wm. Jones has been collecting the school tax the debt of the school board has been reduced five thousand dollars, and this reduction is due to the fact that the taxes have been faithfully collected. If the same policy is pursued for five years more, the entire debt of the school board will be extinguished. To show how important it is that this result should be reached, we will quote some figures: Duncan, Hale & Co. pay a school tax of $109. Of this sum $48 goes to pay their portion of the interest on the debt, and balance of $61 is all that goes to the support of the schools. Now, by pursuing the present vigorous policy we can in five years either reduce these taxes to $61 or make our schools as much better as the present tax of $109 would make them if it all went to their support. Then instead of closing our schools for about six months of every year, we could keep them open, except for a short vacation, the year through, and could employ the most experienced talent for the education of our young. The public school belongs especially to the poor man. He cannot afford to send his children to pay schools, therefore if these taxes are not collected the most of the hurt or harm falls upon him.

The small amount of taxes which they pay is a mere drop, when considered in comparison with the advantage which they reap. The wealthier portion of our people, who pay their hundreds of dollars for the support of schools, really pay it for the education of the poor. They are not so much harmed by the schools being closed half the time; they can send their children to the academy in the interval, but the children of the poor are left to roam our streets and unlearn in one six months what they acquired in the half year previous. Then, again, it is a great wrong upon the honest poor man who pays his taxes if others are allowed to get clear year after year and finally steal away and cheat the schools out of their tax altogether. One man's tax may be a small matter, but when a great many do this—as they would be likely to do with easy, good-natured tax collectors—the aggregate sum swells to huge proportions, and the debt, instead of being reduced, becomes augmented. Do some poor men who complain about taxes consider how little they pay, really, for the service they obtain?

Here is a poor man with perhaps a house which he lives in. His tax is four dollars. He has four children. He sends them to school. The amount of tax he pays would not pay for warming his children, to say nothing of the labor that is spent in their training and education. If he would send them to a private school his wages for a year would not pay their tuition. When this question is viewed from this standpoint, we see what a great and inestimable blessing our schools are to the poor in our midst. How dearly, then, should they prize it! How cheerfully should they pay the little pittance of tax that is asked of them, and how they should frown upon any who would meanly attempt to evade his tax!

To show how little cause there is to sympathize with some of these delinquents we can say that our present collectors have never actually sold out one of the persons whose goods were advertised, but in every case the taxes have been paid without selling, and often in less than twenty-four hours, showing that the cause of delay was not on account of inability to pay, but from a chronic indisposition to meet any obligation.

We have received from a friend at Howard, a copy of a sermon preached at the M. E. Church of that place, last November, with the request that we will publish it. We are unable to find room for it this week, but will try to give it a place soon.

Paying the National Guards.

As our soldier boys will receive their pay soon for services last summer, it will be some satisfaction to them and to others to know what they will receive. The rates are as follows: Privates, $23; corporals, $25; sergeants, $27; first sergeant, $32; first lieutenant, $124; second lieutenant, $116,67; captain, $150; field officers, brigade and division commanders — colonels, $291,67; lieutenant colonels, $350; major general, $625; brigadier generals, $458,33; majors, $208,33; captains, mounted, $116,67; lieutenants, mounted, $133,33. The field officers and division and brigade commanders are only allowed for their actual time in service, while the non-commissioned officers and privates receive by special act of the Legislature of this session $10 in addition to their regular pay for wear and tear of uniform, and are allowed one month's time if in service over eight days. The $10 is included in the above statement.

The Centennial Temperance Club has been little heard of lately in the papers, but, although they have not made a great flourish of trumpets, yet they have kept steadily at work, reclaiming the fallen—giving a helping hand to those who are weak and need the assistance which they can give. Large numbers have fallen, it is true, but they have been encouraged to try again, and many of them, we are glad to say, are showing signs of being permanently benefited by this association. Last Monday evening we attended their meeting, and found the hall full, as usual. They have decided to give an entertainment on the 29th of this month, the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the club. We doubt not our citizens will give this project a cordial support. The club is kept up by voluntary contributions. Many of the members are very poor, and it is necessary to call upon the generous public once in a while to contribute to its maintainance. We will give further particulars next week.

Carpets! Carpets!! Carpets!!! The great trouble heretofore in buying carpets in a small country town, has been owing to the small assortment generally kept by the merchants. This has been obviated by Richardson's Carpet Exhibitor, owned by Messrs. S. & A. Loeb, whereby they give the public an assortment of 350 pieces of all kinds of carpet to make their selections from. Their assortment consists of all grades, from 25 cents to $2 per yard, and by the use of the Exhibitor are enabled to show the purchaser 200 yards square of any carpet as it will look when matched and laid on the floor. Parties wishing to recarpet any portion of their house find the facilities offered at Loeb's, for a selection, far superior to any other store in Centre county, and at prices that cannot help but induce purchases.

James S. Hoy, Esq., formerly of the city of Lock Haven, this State, but now a resident of Evanston, Wyoming Territory, called on us a few days ago. Mr. Hoy was but eighteen years of age when he left this section of country to seek his fortune in the far West, and although a young man yet, he is now serving as a member of the Wyoming Legislature. He left with us a work entitled "The Hand-Book of Wyoming," which gives a glimpse of the permanent resources of the Territory. The work contains about two hundred and fifty pages, giving an account of the lumbering, agricultural and manufacturing industries, also of the climate, scenery, game and fish. Mr. Hoy expects to leave for his western home this week. We hope success may attend him in the future as it has in the past.

Just as we are going to press we learn that John Welch, of this town, is at death's door. Mr. Welch is one of the oldest colored citizens of the town and much respected by all who know him. He has always been an earnest, active member of the A. M. E. church, and his death will leave a void in that little flock that will be hard to fill. He has always been an earnest Republican, and is at present high constable of Bellefonte. He has lived a long and useful life, has been a great benefactor to his race, and many a colored man has good reason to remember him with gratitude and love. He is said to be about eighty years old. P. S.—Still later we hear that the subject of the above remarks has breathed his last.

Shad-oh! shad-oh! Bellefonte is likely to be well supplied with fish in the future. We have now no less than three fish merchants in full blast. The last venture in this line is that of John Sourbeck, in the office formerly occupied by Dr. Kirk on High street, with John Wagner for chief clerk. They have erected a showy sign, and if "fuss and feathers" will go for anything John is bound to sell fish.

Letter from Leonard Rhone—Editorial Comment.

CENTRE HALL, March 17, 1878.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—In the issue of your paper of February 27 I was surprised that you should make an effort to growl and find fault with me for stating, in an address at Hollidaysburg before a Grange convention, that the success of the late fair in Centre county was due to the fact that the order of Patrons of Husbandry contributed three-fourths of all the articles on exhibition. It had been admitted everywhere that to the Grange belonged the credit of making the fair of 1877 the grandest exhibition ever held in our county. You also seem to find fault that the Patrons dared to dictate some of the conditions to a mutual contract that they were invited to enter into by the Society, unsolicited by the Grange.

We might, perhaps, just as well review some of the facts of the case. During the week of the fair of 1876 a number of the officers of the Society accidentally met in the parlors of the Bush House, when the conversation turned on the causes of the failure of the exhibition of 1876, and how in the future we could get the people to take more interest in the exhibition. I suggested the idea that if the Society would invite the Patrons to open a Grange department I believed that they would take hold of it, providing they could do it in such a way as to get the credit for their efforts so as to promote the interests of the Order.

At the January meeting of the Society Judge Orvis, General Beaver, Captain Hunter, Colonel Shortlidge and others advocated the adoption of the plan suggested, and succeeded in getting it adopted so as to apply to all organizations.

In June Colonel Shortlidge and Hon. Samuel Gilliland came to Oak Hall, where the Grange was holding a public meeting, and asked an interview for the purpose of opening negotiations with the Centre county Pomona Grange, with the view of opening a Grange department at the fair in October, 1877. Only three members of the Executive Committee of the Pomona Grange being present, a time was fixed on the following week for a conference between the two committees. The entire committees of both organizations promptly met on the day appointed, when I stated before the committee of the Society that we had come there in complyance with their invitation and would be pleased to hear any proposition they had to make, when they renewed their request for our Order to open a Grange department, but that they would prefer if we would state upon what plan. We stated that we did not wish to assume any part of the control or responsibility of the Society, but that we would prefer simply to open a Grange department, and wanted the privilege to arrange and control the same. When the general terms of the arrangement were understood the Grange committee put their proposition in writing, which was finally agreed to as first offered. The controversy was in reference to the word "control." Now this was just such a bargain as any good business man would make. The Grange is not composed of the kind of persons that can be hood-winked and sold out to fair promises. The Order will ever insist on an equal voice and control in all negotiations.

The officers of the Society deserve great credit for their ability in so conducting the affairs of the Society as to have had a good exhibition, but they failed in not paying the premiums. During the fair the Grange offered to donate what would be their premiums provided no awards be made, but the Society refused to accept the offer and pledged their word that every dollar of premium would be paid.

Our county papers heaped an abundance of praise upon the Society for their successful exhibition, but not a word of credit to the Grange for making more than three-fourths of the entire exhibition. The *Watchman* "sang dumb," the *Reporter's* "neex week" article has never come. The REPUBLICAN ridiculed the Grange department—that it was dished up with a desert of hard soap, &c. We do not wish to dictate to men who are writing what you pay them to write, nor do we expect political papers to be Grange papers at the same time. The Grange has demonstrated to the public that if they wish to they can hold a fair of their own. In that event, the Society would have empty stables and sheds. By a wise and judicious management on the part of the officers of the Society we can annually have our grand and united exhibition of all the industries of our county, but not by bull-dozing the Grange. The Grange is here and it is going to stay.

LEONARD RHONE.

We are informed that our correspondent asserted that the county papers did not publish a full report of the fair, and especially of the Grange department. In the last part of the article which he refers to we take issue with him upon that matter. He says, for instance, that "Our county papers heaped an abundance of praise upon the Society for their successful exhibition, but not a word of credit to the Grange for making more than three-fourths of the entire exhibition." Again he says, "The REPUBLICAN ridiculed the Grange department—that it was dished up with a desert of hard soap, &c." Now we will refer to the REPUBLICAN of October 10, 1877, and we think that Mr. Rhone must admit that he is in error in both of these statements. In that paper will be found a special heading, "Grangers' department of stock," in which a full account of their exhibit is given as fully as our reporter could obtain the facts. We made no secret of the fact that we intended to give a full account of the fair, yet in all the time the fair was in progress neither Mr. Rhone nor any other member of that Order gave us or our reporter any information as to what were Grange exhibits or what were not. And as to the exhibit of fruit, fancy articles and farm products, the building in which they were presented was very small, and it was difficult to distinguish what belonged to the Grange department and what did not. We were, therefore, unable to fully classify them. Our reporter, under the heading "Fruits and Vegetables—the Grangers," says: "Upon the Grangers' table and stands there was, especially in consideration of the general scarcity of fruit this season, *a splendid display* (is not this 'a word of credit to the Grange?') of apples, pears and quinces, with a few varieties of very good grapes. We noticed some honey, walnuts, broom corn and several other articles, but *whether properly belonging to the Grange department we had no means of ascertaining.* On the other side we observed specimens of *home made hard soap*, horse radish, sweet potatoes, celery and pop corn."

Now it will be seen that our reporter found *no means* of ascertaining what belonged to the Grange in the general chaos, and if all the credit was not given to this society which they would like they have no one to blame but themselves, and we think we have proven from the record that the Grange was noticed, and more than a word of credit given them for their superb display. As to it being served up with hard soap, &c., when we come to consider that the soap was *home made* we do not see how our friend can complain, and we doubt not the soap was a Grange exhibit. Now, we say our correspondent is mistaken when he says we heaped abundant praise upon the Society but gave no word of credit to the Grange. We feel somewhat sensitive upon this matter, because we do take special pains to mention every matter of importance, and to give credit where credit is due, unless every avenue of information is closed. Our Granger friends should remember that while they contributed greatly to the success of the fair, yet it was not exclusively a Granger exhibit, and therefore in writing it up we were compelled to give the credit where, according even to the position assumed by our correspondent, it really belonged.

The troupe of colored singers that gave an entertainment in Humes' Hall a week or two ago, which gave such general satisfaction, have concluded to give a series of concerts throughout the county, the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the A. M. E. Church of this place. These singers are fully equal to the renowned Tennesseeans, and cannot fail to give perfect satisfaction wherever they may appear. They have adopted the cognomen of "World renowned jubilee singers;" although the name is big they are fully equal to the task of sustaining all the reputation it will warrant. The troupe will consist of A. V. Jackson, John P. Thomas, G. G. Skinner, Miss Mary Roberts, Mrs. Maggie Brady, and Miss Carrie D. Powell, as organist. We advise every one who can, to go and hear them. Charles Garner will act as advance agent.

The child is born, and it is, after all, a rather handsome baby. We expect Sechler & Co., grocers in the Bush House block, will soon receive the new silver dollars to pay out in change. This new coin is not perfectly what it might be; the Goddess of Liberty has rather too much chin. Now we don't want our readers to infer from this that Sechler & Co. have too much cheek; on the contrary, they are the most modest men we ever saw. But, to return to the new dollar, we should have preferred to see in place of the motto, "In God we trust," the business formular of "One hundred cents — the unit of value." However, we are glad to welcome the new child, and its little imperfections will not stand in the way of the accomplishment of its beneficent mission. Buy your groceries at Sechler's, and if he does not give you a new dollar in change now perhaps he will some time.

The special election in the North ward, Bellefonte, yesterday, resulted in the choice of John Ardell, Jr., Republican, over Morris W. Cowdrick, Democrat-Greenback, by eight majority. The vote stood, John Ardell, Jr., 128; Morris W. Cowdrick, 120. There was a very full vote polled, and much interest manifested. At the regular spring election the vote was a tie, 125 votes being cast for each. The election of Mr. Ardell decides the political complexion of the Council, which will now be Republican by one majority.

Yesterday was election day in the North ward of Bellefonte. The contest is between Morris W. Cowdrick and John Ardell, Jr., for a seat among that noble body of legislators, the borough Council. Who will win is enshrouded in some doubt at the present writing. Both men are working hard for the position, and all for honor. Selah!

Probably the most liberal offers made by any reliable establishment are made by Messrs. Grimes & Garrow, of the Knox Fruit Farm Nurseries. Their great offers of seeds, plants, trees, etc., are wonderfully liberal. Send for their catalogue. Sent free. Address, Box 115, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wanted—Good butter and eggs at Valentines' store. On account of supplying the men at the iron works, they need a large supply, and always pay the best market price. Try them, and see if it is not so.

A Primary School.

A preparatory school for small boys and girls will be opened April 1 in the north wing of the academy. The little girls will be seated in the upper room, the little boys in the lower room. *Instruction* will be given in spelling, reading, writing, mental arithmetic and primary geography. *Hours of school*, from 9 to 11 A. M., and from 1:30 to 3:30 P. M. *Terms*, ten dollars will be charged per quarter of ten weeks. J. P. HUGHES.
10-3t

Col. Brown informs us that he will be ready to start for his home in Kansas by next Tuesday, if he has good luck and the disease which has held him a prisoner so long "lets up" a little.

Who would like to have a shirt that can be worn for a week without a break or wrinkle? Call and inquire all about it at Valentines' store.

The celebrated magnolia hams are now reduced to 12½ cents a pound. Valentines, sole agents. Over a million sold last year.

Fresh Chicago caramels received every week at Welch's.

A pound of good tea for twenty-six cents at Welch's.

Good note paper, 7 cents per quire; envelopes, 5 cents a pack at Welch's.

Another arrival yesterday, at Valentines' store, of very fine oranges.

MARRIED.

WOLF—KOHLER.—In Milroy, Pa., February 21, 1878, by the Rev. John W. White, Mr. John Wolf, of Potter's Mills, to Miss Jennie E. Kohler, of Milroy.

DIED.

MARKLE.—On the 28th ultimo, Margaret Elsie, daughter of John H. and Emma Markle, of Pine Grove Mills, aged 7 months.

ORNDORF.—On the 7th instant, Vincent, son of Dr. A. J. and Lydia A. Orndorf, of Pine Grove Mills, aged 2 years, 3 months and 15 days.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, March 20, 1878.

Making money is one of the things of the past—how to save what has been made is one of the important considerations of the present. The mercantile trade realizes that economy is being studied in its practical sense, and the curtailment of expenses in the household is having its influence upon trade.

GRAIN—The movements of wheat are very light and farmers still continue loth to sell at current prices, but the prospects for the future do not brighten as time jogs along. There is some inquiry for car lots for shipment, which does not seem to stimulate prices. It is always well for farmers to canvass the buyers before selling. A cent or two on the current market price is an item in these times, and those who are willing to pay it should receive the patronage.

CORN—The low price of corn in the East and the low rates of transportation from the West make corn dull sale in our market for the present, the supply being in excess of the demand for home consumption, and the outlet being cut off by western competition at all points heretofore accessible to our dealers.

RYE—No change.

OATS—Demand light; very little coming to market.

HAY—Choice hay sells from 12 to 15 dollars per ton.

STRAW—Straw continues scarce.

POTATOES—Potatoes are in abundance and cheap.

BUTTER—Gilt edged butter is scarce and in demand. Plenty of rancid butter and other qualities too numerous to mention.

EGGS—Eggs are plenty, and sell at twelve cents per dozen, or a cent apiece, and sometimes a dozen for ten cents. Who can't afford to eat "'am and eggs?"

QUOTATIONS.

White wheat per bushel	$1 15
Red wheat	1 15
Rye per bushel	55
Corn, ear	40
Corn, shelled	45
Oats	28
Cloverseed	4 50
Flour, retail, per barrel	7 00
Flour, wholesale	6 25

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay, choice timothy, per ton	$12 00
Hay, mixed, per ton	10 00
Long rye straw, bundled, per ton	8 50
Short straw per ton	6 50@8 50

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	$ 9 00
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	10 00

Provision Market.

Corrected weekly by Valentines & Co.

Apples, dried, per pound	7
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Beans per quart	7
Fresh butter per pound	25
Chickens per pound	6
Cheese per pound	18
Country hams per pound	10
Hams, sugar cured	12½
Bacon	7½
Lard per pound	7
Eggs per doz	12
Tallow per pound	7
Potatoes per pushel	20
Dried beef	20
Wilson's pressed beef per pound	25
Canned tomatoes per can	16
Lemons per doz	40
Dried sweet corn per pound	7
Small onions per quart	5

Philadelphia Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1878.

GRAIN—WHEAT—Red, $1.28@1.29; amber, $1.30@1.31; white, $1.37@1.38.

RYE—Rye, 66@67 cents.

CORN—Corn, 52@53½ cents.

OATS—Mixed, 33@34c; white, 37@38c.

CLOVERSEED—Cloverseed, 7½@8 cents per pound, the latter price for choice, recleaned seed.

Stock Markets.

Quotation of White, Powell, & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

Stock and bonds bought and sold on commission.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1878.

	BID.	ASKED.
U. S. 1881, c	106¾	107
" 5-20 " '65, J. and J	104¼	104½
" " " '67, " "	107	107¼
" " " '68, " "	108¼	108¾
" 10-40 coupon	105	105¼
" Pacific 6's, cy	118½	119
New 5's, Reg. '81	104½	104¾
" " c '81	104½	104¾
" 4½'s, Reg. 91	102½	102¾
" " c '81	102½	102¾
" 4's, Reg. 1907	100¼	100¾
" " c. 1907	101¼	101¾
Gold	101¼	101¾
Pennsylvania	27½	27¾
Reading	12¾	13
Philadelphia and Erie	7¾	8¼
Lehigh Navigation	17	17¼
" Valley	38¼	39
United R. R. of N. J	117¼	117½
Pittsburg, T. & Buffalo R. R	6¼	6¾
Northern Central	13¾	14
Central Transportation	34¼	35¼
Nesquehoning	44¾	45
North Pennsylvania	36¼	37